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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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What Avatar?

WHAT does the European regard as characteristic in American literature? What does he find worthy of acceptance, possibly of imitation in our contemporary writing; what does he derogate and condemn? A brief pondering of these questions reminds us of several rumors brought back to us by Americans visiting or re-visiting the Continent. The answer of certain of the younger men is that Europe is alive to certain manifestations of the Time-spirit in our own country that we ourselves are blind to; that Europe perceives the architecture of the future in our most extreme architectural feats, the music of the future in our jazz; that the development of our music, of our movies, and of our comic strips, even, is of absorbing interest to them. Contemporary European artists have seized upon these as the true dada. They are more thrilled by the concatenation and vibrance of New York than any New Yorker is thrilled. They perceive more glamour of color in the modern metropolitan spectacle in America than our jaded eyes can see. And so on.

But older and perhaps more cynical travelers have whispered us a different message. They deplore the spectacle in Europe of our worst best-sellers being bought, read and discussed as typically American literature, of our cheapest music being hailed as the new American harmony, of our worship of success with a big, big S serving in a sort of Steinach operation to rejuvenate the senile tissues of European business and commerce. They contend that the worst features of our present state of civilization are become the best to Europe, that the ingenuousness and lack of discrimination on the part of the Continent in regard to us surpasses all bounds.

Yet in both points of view it is accepted as axiomatic that Europe is interested. What seems to be needed is the clarifying of Europe's ideas as to what we ourselves consider most representative and most valuable in our literature at present, and in the allied arts.

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Who shall be our spokesmen? The hegira to Paris (as to a new Mecca) of many talented young Americans in the last few years is now an old story. Transplantation to a foreign soil has not noticeably stimulated the literary faculty of these representatives of our culture. Those still abroad produce a few books in Paris regarded by themselves as the most important American writing that is being done, but the work itself does not seem to furnish substantiation of their claims. A number have returned, possibly with a little leaven. They relate different stories. On the one hand, Europe is *gaga*, has nothing to offer; on the other, European literature is the superior literature of the period, but America's is the most promising soil to till. As for our older arbiters of letters, it is doubtful whether their occasional sojourns abroad greatly affect their purview one way or another.

Between these two extremes there are certain creators, scholars, and critics, neither very young or elderly, whose reconnaissance of Europe at the present time might prove truly valuable to an intelligent literary *entente*, particularly in giving the Continent a clearer perspective in regard to our best writing. It would seem to be needed.

We believe it to be true that some of the artistic experimentation in this country will break new ground for the foundations of future art, but an exercise of the keenest discrimination is essential. An age of experimentation is the most difficult of all periods properly to reduce by analysis to its most valuable elements while all its tendencies are still in flux. We can be more positive at present in regards to certain definite accomplished work, less radically departing from tradition. But if a Continental acquaintance even with this charily selected recent work as representative of America's best could be thoroughly accomplished, would it not be the beginning of a truer European perspective upon the arts in America? We need the proper interpreters.

Rock of Ages

By S. FOSTER DAMON

DIVIDE the Leaf, and I am There,
Perceived by all, beheld by none;
Break the great mountain, split the hair,
And at the center there is One.

One substance indivisible,
The uncreated urge incessant,
The only thing past miracle,
Imperishable, omnipresent . . .

(—Excuse me, sir, at this my baulking;
But no God's found within my stratum!"
—"Excuse *me*, sir, but I was talking
Not about God: about the Atom!"

But while the two harangued and cursed,
Suddenly God Atom burst.
Electron! Be not cleft for me!
Let me build my faith on thee!)

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The Amazing Scotchman

By LEONARD BACON

SOME ninety-four years ago a young and incomparably brilliant essayist sat at his desk in No. 8 South Square, Gray's Inn, with murder in his heart. He had before him a new edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," edited by the Honorable John Wilson Croker, an official of the admiralty and "a pillar of Tory Society in the Corinthian style." The young man, who was a member of parliament, had several excellent reasons for disliking Mr. Croker, and he had recently promised himself the pleasure of "dusting that varlet's jacket." No one perhaps was better qualified for such a task than that young man whose capacity for expressing his views and, if we may stretch a point, his feelings left little to be desired. He really was a most interesting young man. He had a clear, if not a subtle, mind, and the most capacious of memories. He was certainly one of the best educated and best read men in England or anywhere else for that matter. He was honorable, courteous, sagacious, ingenious, humorous, courageous, infinitely polished, and already famous. In fact he was a paragon who had never given his family a moment's uneasiness, yet could make a memorable *bon-mot* at Holland House and a pregnant speech in the Chapel of Saint Stephens. But at the end of this encomium we must borrow a page from the late Lord Morley and begin the more satisfactory labor of dispraise. That young man at this moment of his career understood things too completely. His universe was a thought too clear. His vivacious glance pierced grindstones with altogether too much ease. With a sure footstep and infinite grace he walked where vulgar men have feared to tread. He was wont to rate the achievements of poets as a schoolmaster rates his school boys. He put novelists in their proper places, viz., Madame de Staël first, Miss Edgeworth second, Jane Austen third. And on this occasion, in a fit of indignation against Croker, he certainly did what in him lay to lessen the character of the author of the work which Croker had edited.

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Macaulay's paradox that Boswell wrote a great book because he was a great fool is supported with unparalleled ingenuity. A dozen instances of his inconsequence are selected with malignant skill, shorn of their context, and presented as if they were irrefragable evidence of idiocy. I gurantee to make a fool of any one by the same method. Macaulay himself could be converted with little trouble into a disingenuous British snob who insulted a harmless Italian, maligned the character of good men in their graves, and in an orgy of self-importance dated letters from Windsor Castle to let his correspondent know what company he kept. And it is to be regretted that an essay composed on such principles has for nearly a century taught nine out of every ten of us to believe that the only reason that Boswell was not chained to the wall in Bedlam was that his lunacy was harmless. By force of blazing antithesis, and a galaxy of starry details, Macaulay perverted three generations of readers, and even the abilities of Carlyle, for once seconded by common sense and kindness, were unequal to combating the errors he propagated in the appalling pride of youth and respectability.

Professor Tinker's services in dissipating this nonagenarian legend have been noted by most of the reviewers of the noble book* which he has just

* LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL. Collected and Edited by CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER. New York: Oxford University Press. 2 Vols. 1924. $12.

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edited. He has executed his task with a learning and a tactful sagacity which defeat praise. Birkbeck Hill could have done no more. With the publication of this work Professor Tinker takes his place among those delightful editors who elucidate dark matters without intruding upon the reader's privacy. Necessary, integral, illuminating, and modest, his notes clear up difficulties or suggest vital connections. There is none of the hideous display of shopworn learning that sad experience teaches us to expect from American scholars. Only the grace of the expression, the thoroughness of the information, and the warmth of the sympathy make us think of the editor. He never patronizes Boswell. He never patronizes the reader. He controls his facts like a scholar, and expresses his opinions like a gentleman. One may disagree with his views at times, or may wish that he had been less laconic, but one never ceases to admire the modest and engaging manner in which he has illustrated this extraordinary book.

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For with manifest limitations it is an extraordinary book, a spring of astonishment and a source of perpetual wonder. A brief account of it will not be out of place. The bulk of the work is, of course, the correspondence with William Johnson Temple, who must have been almost as queer a dick as Boswell. Only a queer man would receive such letters. In addition Boswell's letters to Johnson, Wilkes, Sir David Dalrymple, Sir Alexander Dick, Malone, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Isabella de Zuylen, Rousseau, Paoli, and many others have been collected from the various volumes which they adorned, and a century of unpublished epistles is added for good measure. The Temple letters have of course been known for a long time, but they here make their first unbowdlerized appearance, a fact alone sufficient to justify the volumes. Professor Tinker has correlated the whole mass with infinite care, and the result is a book which reads like a novel. The correspondence, which extends over not quite thirty-seven years, permits you to contemplate Boswell's mind in every circumstance of human existence, in his hopes and in his fears, in his triumphs and in his defeats, in his lives and in his hates, in sickness and in health, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.

And what are we to think of him as we finish the collection of amazing confidences? I think in the first place that whatever our astonishment at the character which here is drawn, like Chesterfield's folly, at full length, we must give up the hypothesis that Boswell was a fool. Fools do not say that Christopher Smart had "shivers of genius." Fools do not analyze their folly with such brilliant penetration. They merely commit it. A fool could not have written the letter to Isabella de Zuylen, or the even more astonishing epistles to Rousseau, whatever vanity or folly these documents may disclose. A fool would not describe his own melancholy as "very effeminate and very young." In fact it is beyond the powers of a fool to make so overwhelming an exhibition of himself. And finally no fool would for an instant be capable of recognizing as good things the innumerable observations of the wise and the great with which these pages are cluttered.

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Of course, to a certain type of mind, secure, successful, self-sufficient, equal to men and events, untroubled by its own imaginations, these volumes will afford evidence in support of inveterate prejudice. To people of this sort the coherent inconsequence of the man is in itself disgusting. They like to think of him as a mean tuft-hunter, an upward-looking snob, and a dirty fellow to boot. They wish to antipathize, for the spectacle of Boswell increases their sense of their own important invulnerability. He will remain to them a stenographer on the trail of great men too generous to rebuff his shameless, ignorant, and indefatigable importunity. They are determined by the terror of a great name to see in his eccentricity only the quintessence of imbecility and in his veracity nothing but absence of imagination. Hence they will continue to talk about him and his tribulations, as ox-eyed dowagers discuss the love-affairs of their waiting maids, as if there was something ineffably droll about a servant's having personal and private emotions. And they will roar with delight at his self-revelation, at the evidence of his meanness, at the indecent exposure of his passions and of his prejudices, quite forgetting that the only reason for laughter is that their own meannesses, passions, and prejudices have a faint, washed-out, and generally inferior resemblance to those of the object of their mirth. The superficially sophisticated are your only real connoisseurs of naiveté.

To take such an attitude toward Boswell seems to me not only ungenerous and unjust, but silly with the silliness which can only be found in its native splendor among the English nobility and the American plutocracy. Such an attitude can only spring from an inhumane want of curiosity about people, or from belief that what makes people interesting is the fact that they exercise some power in a society as dull as they. And such an attitude, obsessed with the mere spectacle of Boswell's obvious eccentricity and quaintness, leaves out of account altogether the striking thing about him.

For the striking thing about him is not eccentricity, or quaintness, or naiveté, but a passionate if incoherent curiosity about mankind, related of course to his private explorations of his own mind. This curiosity is at once a rarer and more positive thing than the talent for "discipleship" and hero worship that Carlyle adduced as the *leit-motif* of James Boswell. It belongs to a kinetic nature and it leads to emanations rather than to absorptions.

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Boswell had the poet's yearning to understand motive, prejudice, and desire. He says of himself somewhat pompously: "I have no pencil for visible objects. I can only paint the varieties of mind, of *l'esprit*." An extravert like Macaulay, who read men swiftly, as he read books, "diagonally down the page," must in the nature of things abhor what struck him as trivial questioning, and he relegated it with one contemptuous gesture into the domain of Boswell's other vanities. He saw that Boswell was foolish about cutting a figure in the world, but he did not see the raging and obsessing passion of curiosity that drove him about that world. One of the few places where it is possible to agree with Macaulay about anything is that in his review of Croker's "Boswell," where he pertinently asks where that sycophancy is bred which prefers muddy coffee in Bolt Court to the delicacies of a nobleman's levee. Boswell may have been a snob, but that was not why he teased Johnson into fury with questions. Notoriety may have been sweeter to him than remembered kisses after death, but that was not why he penetrated the privacy of Rousseau. He was by nature convivial, but he chose Wilkes and Churchill to get drunk with, because they were apt to let him see the springs and cogwheels of the soul. And so on in every other case, as Herbert Spencer used to say. And I believe that it was this passionate interest in people whom he regarded as fine characteristic specimens of the genera he studied that was his ticket of admission into their society. It is the right and the privilege of such men to rebuff fools. But they are gentle and friendly to such great and legitimate curiosity as is written on every page of the "Life of Johnson" and in every nook of Boswell's strange letters.

He wanted to see the action and reaction of mind. His own queer intellect mystified him. These mighty figures, godlike as they were, how were they wont to think? Were they, too, subject to the melancholy which Boswell thought was the ruling principle of his mind? Were there sore places in their souls? How would Johnson illustrate these anfractuosities? What would Rousseau respond to such sentiments? The play and the by-play fascinated him. And it is fair to him to say that it was not only the great who exercised the fascination upon him, though their larger capacity for self-expression made them more interesting. He writes to Temple in 1775 long after he has tasted the sweetest honey of their intimacy: "No doubt the practice of the law here (Edinburgh) is sometimes irksome to me. But it is often a kind of amusement. *I have to consider and illustrate* quicquid agunt homines. *I have to treat of characters*, of the history of families, . . . in short, the variety of subjects, of which fragments pass through my mind as a pleader, engages my attention. . . ." The italicized passage might stand for a description of the intellectual life of the Master of Auchinleck, contemplating with invincible interest the motion of people about him, who are so odd that they even consider him odd—a fact of which Boswell is not altogether ignorant.

In fact he was astute in the apprehension of other people's peculiarities, because he was naïve in the revelation of his own. The sense of his particular eccentricity made him sympathetic to other departures from the ordinary. And the introspection which surrendered him to melancholia drove him to seek the company of better men than he, and gave him a penetrating eye to consider their corresponding infirmities. I hazard the guess that his hatred of Gibbon arose quite as much from the difficulties of passing the historian's barrier of polished reserve as from the infidelity of the scandalous chapters of the history. Johnson was capable of cetaceous admissions, the revelations of leviathan. Goldsmith's heart was on his sleeve. Garrick displayed his real self in a succession of coruscating affectations. Beauclerk would show you his mind. But a man who never lost his temper, or uttered an unpremeditated remark, or was guilty of indiscretion in conduct or conversation was designed to poison a club for James Boswell. A character which revealed nothing was the one thing he could not endure.

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In some respects no one has told more about himself than Boswell told Temple. Cellini is frank enough about murder. But Boswell is quite as explicit about adultery. Pepys is clear and vivacious on the subject of beating a wife. But Boswell is detailed and dramatic on the more difficult task of wooing one. Some one has said that a great letter-writer must have a certain feminine quality, like Walpole and Cowper. Boswell lacks this. But on the other hand he lays his heart and his mind bare in a manner which as far as Walpole was concerned was *ultra vires*. Temple, the recipient of Boswell's more violent confidences, seems to have been his passive counterpart—a leaden mirror to which the Scotchman held up his soul. And the confidences are paralyzing in their veracity and in their inconsequence. The detailed account of a polygymous tempest of *amours* is followed by the information that "There is a pretty book just now published, 'An Essay on the History of Civil Society,' by the Moral Philosophy Professor here." He asks, Is it wrong to keep a mistress? He whines about his money affairs. He describes the state of his health, when Aphrodite has taken vengeance. He interjects a song on a lady who has rejected his extraordinary courtship. He celebrates his sticky intimacy with a noblewoman or a chambermaid. His exultations amount to fever when he is shown a few attentions. And then there are his incredible ambitions to negotiate peace with America, or to go as ambassador to Corsica. Nor is the reverse of the medal less astonishing as hope after hope is defeated. There is grievous recognition of his own lack of capacity, idiotic want of tact, and Gargantuan dipsomania, to which the limit of four glasses at dinner and a pint after is privation. There is a shock of grief in his laments about his treatment of his wife, and his failure to do right by his children whom he loves and finds hard to understand. One can almost see the pen shaking in his wretched hand as with painful exactness he relates how he was bullied in the presence of witnesses by that horrible brute Lord Lonsdale. And we have all his great agonies, literary and financial, about the great book, which momentary bursts of Boswellian confidence cannot dispel. The shadows are very dark in Great Portland Street as the end is coming. He is defeated and vain is the admiration of Burke and Malone. What shall it profit a man that he has written the greatest biography of all time, if he is too poor to give a dinner, and is worried past endurance about the schooling of the little Boswells?

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The great biographer is still with us. We can never read his great book without being conscious of the rustle of paper and the scratching of a pen as his oracle is filled with the god. We hear him debating a point of style with Malone. We see the misery of his countenance as alone in the multitudinous London he loved he toiled over those "quarto note-books," almost resolved to give over the gigantic task. At every point we are aware of a presence, inconsequent, yet skilful at penetrating penetralia, sensitive yet pushing, and "curiously spiced with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb." We feel the force of an apt comment and the humor of some peerless irrelevance. An imperishable blunder strikes us only one degree less forcibly than an instance of supreme spiritual tact. We are in the presence of a personality, individual beyond our wildest dreams, melancholy, humorous, friendly, essentially gentle, and delightful past the power of language to express.

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Satire – Safe and Amusing

ORPHAN ISLAND. By Rosa Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch.

ANATOLE FRANCE invented a certain ingenious scheme for a satire upon civilization. Miss Macaulay has borrowed it to write an amusing satire upon the Victorian age and the difference in intention is a significant one. She would like to believe that her intelligence is detached and unprejudiced; she is careful to indicate that when she ridicules the age of the Good Queen she is by implication ridiculing all ages which presume to think themselves rational or important, and yet she is nearly always content with no more than the implication. She has devoted three novels to the analysis of Victorian character and she has wielded an incisive pen, but either she cannot escape the fascination of that age or she fears to go a-venturing after any victim save those whose weak spots she knows so well. Surely no one would choose to repeat himself so often if he could help it, and Miss Macaulay must feel, instinctively at least, that she could not direct her arrows with such effective aim into the heart of other than Victorian failings.

While others, Mr. Huxley for example, have been willing to lose themselves in the wilderness of strictly contemporary thoughts and manners she has been content to stay for the most part in her own little hunting park and to shoot Victorians as noble sportsmen shoot pheasants reared for the purpose. She is a good shot, but she is not an adventurous hunter; she can be depended upon to bag a couple of ultra-respectable old maids, a complacently righteous member of the propertied class and perhaps a fatuous clergyman or two in every novel, but her specimens are always familiar ones. Her satire is satire for satire's sake; but it can hardly be said to do to any great degree what the most important satire does. It punctures no bubbles not already punctured, and it bares no hypocrisies which have not these many years past been shivering in their nakedness. There may still be those who accept a naïvely teleological view of the universe and who still teach the poems of Isaac Watts to their children, but they are not likely to read Miss Macaulay's books. Any of us who are sufficiently "modern" to read *The Saturday Review* may read her in perfect comfort. Our withers will not be wrung.

What she has done in "Orphan Island" is to write a rollicking tale which plays skilfully with her favorite themes and which is, from the standpoint of pure amusement, the best of her books. Frankly adopting an extravagance of manner which is almost burlesque she abandons all attempt to make her favorite Victorians real people living in a real world and allows them to become fantastic figures inhabiting a Victorian Utopia as absurd as Erewhon or Wonderland. Here they disport themselves for our easy ridicule.

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In 1855, so she tells us, a consignment of orphans under the charge of Miss Charlotte Smith was *en route* from England to an asylum in California, when it was cast away upon a lonely island near Tahiti and compelled to shift for itself under the guidance of Miss Smith and a drunken Scotch doctor whom God in his characteristically mysterious way had chosen also to save. For seventy years nothing was known of their predicament, but finally a Cambridge professor, learning of the incident through some old documents, set out to investigate the possibility that some might still be living, and found a flourishing colony of more than a thousand people, thanks to the fact, first that Miss Smith, fearing worse things, had consented to marry the doctor in the Scottish manner without a minister, and, second, that the orphans, upon reaching maturity, retained "the Victorian knack of progenitiveness." The professor rightly feels that the colony would be anthropologically more instructive if it were possible to know which of its institutions arose spontaneously and which had grown from seeds of memory, that it would be interesting to know, for example, whether the phrase "a fashionable gathering was present," scratched in the sand as part of the beach newspaper, represents an inevitable development of newspaper style or merely an imitation of things remembered, and yet, in spite of such puzzles, the community still presents an instructive picture in miniature of social history. The descendants of Mrs. Smith, owning all the land, permit the others to rent from them; adjectives have been made from two important nouns so that "smith" means "aristocratic" and "orphan" means "common"; and as for Miss Smith herself she has been almost miraculously preserved into her late nineties and rules as a much revered though theoretically constitutional sovereign who is gradually becoming less sure whether she is merely like Victoria or is indeed Victoria herself. Thus seventy years have been sufficient to develop a complete caste system and to give it as firm a moral basis as that of England, rooted though the latter be in ten centuries. "Wuthering Heighths," a volume on social usage, and a copy of Bunyan's "Holy War" were the only books saved from the wreck, but these, supplemented by Miss Smith's memory of the Bible and of Isaac Watts, were sufficient to furnish the complete background of Victorian ideas. Miss Smith, head of the established church, had a certain advantage over other ecclesiastical authorities in that she was the sole source of Biblical knowledge and was thus able to interpolate any bits of wisdom which the inspired writers had inadvertently neglected to include but which the exigencies of government made useful. She had, one gathers, attributed to both Solomon and Jesus a number of comments and commands which, had she been less modest, she might herself have claimed credit for.

It should be evident, I think, what as clever a writer as Miss Macaulay could do with such an outline, and she has indeed realized its possibilities. But to call her a great satirist is to miss the important fact that there are none of her scepticisms concerning either government or morals which have not been voiced in similar terms by others. An amusing writer she is, but she has not the intellectual force to be a great satirist in the sense that Samuel Butler or Mr. Huxley are, for she has no unmistakable originality of either matter or manner.

From a woodcut by C. T. Nightingale for "Mostly Moonshine," by Madeleine Nightingale (Appleton)

Mr. Bacheller's Lincoln

FATHER ABRAHAM. By Irving Bacheller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Philip Coan.

THE *vox humana* stop has been used pretty steadily of late years by writers on the theme of Lincoln. Irving Bacheller in his latest novel has found in the human Lincoln a subject well adapted to his own gift for quaint figures in homespun. Unfortunately, for the purposes of fiction, it requires an appalling ingenuity to fit a President, even this one, into the setting of a novel. The difficulty of the task has kept White House fiction down to fairly slim proportions.

"Father Abraham" seems rather to slight this difficulty than to solve it. Its youthful hero plays the somewhat unconvincing part beside Lincoln that the enterprising lads of Henty played beside the great men of old. What with duties assigned him by the President and with his services at Bull Run and Gettysburg and his efforts to win a girl living in Atlanta, he has adventure in abundance. But it is not historical fiction of the finest stamp—of the only stamp fine enough for the epoch of which it treats.

Great men have a way of entering romances somewhat as the Sultan drove up in his crimson coupé, in the Ballad of Abdul, "just to give the survivor a cheer" or to register present in some equally unnecessary capacity, for the effect on the reader. A story in which Lincoln is less essential than the leading young man cannot but cause many readers a painful overstrain to their sense of proportion. Mr. Bacheller has a natural sympathy for the rail splitter, and an aptitude for expressing the picturesque side of a man related, through the soil, to the best characters of his own creation. But he has not wedded fiction and history.

Was Charles Francis Adams "a small man," "a shallow observer"? He is made to appear so in an interview with Lincoln, but one suspects here the literary ruse of surrounding the central figure with subnormal personages, to enhance its stature. Old King Frederick William's plan of surrounding himself with a bodyguard of giants was probably sounder stagecraft. The habit of picturing Lincoln as towering among pygmies has ruled other writers besides Bacheller. The practice lays but a poor foundation for a substantial tradition of greatness. Lincoln would appear more convincingly huge if his admirers would not insist on picturing him as surrounded by mental dwarfs.

To speak of the capture of Vicksburg as having happened on the eighteenth of May—Grant in his memoirs is under the impression that Pemberton surrendered on July 4—indicates a startling lack of historical preparation in both Mr. Bacheller and the proofreader. McClellan is described as "a conceited little man from Ohio," probably on the strength of the fact that he had become a resident of that state a few weeks before Lincoln's election. He was about as much "from Ohio" as Lincoln was "from" Washington. The incident of Lincoln's call on McClellan at Washington, and of his being sent away with word that the General was abed, is retailed from Nicolay and Hay, with some embellishment; it would appear that Mr. Bacheller was unaware of Professor Campbell's assertion, in his "McClellan," that the General was in his third week of a go of typhoid fever at the time.

We still take the Lincoln epoch too seriously to enjoy any but a solidly grounded book upon it, a book shaped with study and narrative art. Perhaps the success of Lincoln movies has encouraged a contrary belief, but readers grow disposed to expect of books precisely what movies fail to give them.

Sullied Blood

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1924. $2.

Reviewed by L. M. Hussey.

HERE it is told, in the first chapter, how the Reverend Andrew Flood journeyed to South Africa carrying Glad Tidings to the Hottentots. The neurotic missionary is ceaselessly frustrated by the impudent indifference of those swarthy jungle brethren. Furthermore, he is deviled by sex and the urge finally impels him to marry a youthful native girl. Quite naturally the Reverend Flood explains his acquiescence as a mere biologic prompting on pious grounds. By this marriage, by this sacrifice of his future, he is to draw close at last to the elusive black brother. He fails, of course; his charges never cease to evade him and in the end he perishes in a setting of abominable squalor.

But a girl child remains, a mulatto girl who bears a son by a Boer adventurer. The son, a quadroon, weds a light-colored Cape girl and their daughter is virtually white. So the tale proceeds through four generations of struggle to efface the sanguinity of the jungle. Barry Lindsell, great, great grandchild of the Reverend Andrew Flood, escapes all visible evidence of the Hottentot taint. Yet, according to the psychology provided by this novel, he cannot escape a devastating inner consciousness of inferiority. He feels that his blood is sullied and that in spite of his white seeming, he is, after all, a black man.

Once again, in "God's Stepchildren," a tale penned by white fingers derives its drama from the fictitious inferiority complex of the Negro. The moment a white fictionist turns an eye to the black race their drama is seen in terms of this fanciful self-abasement. According to conventional viewpoint no Negro is ever proud of his blood. Additionally, if he happens to be nearly white the knowledge of a

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hidden black taint makes of him a piteous Prometheus, ever torn by vulturous shame.

I wish now to deny the authenticity of this psychologic groundwork of Mrs. Millin's novel. It is the same pseudo-psychology as informs Eugene O'Neill's 'All God's Chillun Got Wings." And immemorially it has informed all the serious white fictions dealing with the blackamoor.

Light colored Negroes, men and women with a trivial dash of black blood, do, of course, strive frequently to pass over into the white race. Their effort is prompted, not by shame for their black blood, but by the promise of obvious social and economic rewards. In a civilization dominated by the Caucasian it is plainly an advantage to be white. When the attempt succeeds, and the man of remote black heritage is accepted as a white brother he does not lie awake of nights shamefully worrying over the jungle corpuscles that pulse in his veins. He conceals his black blood, not because he deems it inferior, but because discovery might involve social and economic disaster.

Let me correct a possible misunderstanding, and so be fair to Mrs. Millin. Not all the drama of her novel grounds itself on this fictitious inferiority complex. The descendants of the Reverend Flood are many times thwarted by social conventions. In these moments Mrs. Millin's book is soundly imagined. She fails utterly to realize, however, that Negroes of mixed blood have developed psychic defence reactions to the thrust of unfriendly conventions. Chief among these mechanisms of defence is the Negro's cynical contempt for the white woman. Even when he fawns, he mocks. Yet Mrs. Millin evokes, through four generations, a succession of Negroes all of whom are poor in spirit, all of whom are so many variants upon Uncle Tom. Barry Lindsell, the last exemplar, carries abasement to fantastic lengths; married to a white girl who considers his black claim an affectation, he nevertheless abandons her to return to his black relations. Here Mrs. Millin's bomb of poignance proves clearly a dud and her novel sputters to an improbable conclusion.

I find it possible, however, to admire her facile handling of a technical difficulty. It is not easy to knit four generations of characters into a compact, unbroken narrative. This she has done admirably, solving a technical problem with more grace than did Hergesheimer in his "Three Black Pennys." Her plain facility at putting together a tale leads me to regret that she did not limit herself to materials provided in her first chapter—and so write a wholly different story. She had an extraordinary character in the person of the Reverend Andrew Flood. Scanted as he is, he nevertheless stands out provocatively from her initial pages. He deserved a fuller rendering. He invited an ample anatomizing. Barry Lindsell gestures like an improbable mime—but when the Reverend Flood waves his skinny arms we perceive a figure authentically out of life.

Gay Earnestness

YOUNG MISCHIEF AND THE PERFECT PAIR. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. New York: Albert & Charles Boni, 1925. $2.

No one believes anyone can be serious unless he pulls a long glum face and is thoroughly unpleasant.
—"Young Mischief."

Reviewed by JOHAN J. SMERTENKO.

THERE is something deceptive in the charm and the gaiety with which this novelette is written. Also, its slight bulk and light tone disguise the weighty theme and the earnest purpose which animates the author. I do not wish to detract from the beauty of the story and to subtract from the volume of its readers by grafting the heavy limb of moral purpose or cosmic significance to its slender form, but it is impossible to escape Mr. de Sélincourt's intention to consider an important situation and to present a definite thesis. This situation, a contrast between the Victorian and the contemporary conceptions of marriage, naturally concerns all who are interested in marital relations. The thesis, on the other hand, is more particularly directed at the typical English gentry, "always surrounded by servants and proprieties . . . tongue-tied by respectability." This thesis is, of course, not stated definitely, but it is unmistakably suggested in numerous phrases:

A man wants to be free and ought to be free. I don't mean loose, any more than I mean that good women are necessarily jealous. . . . I do so want you to go on telling Oliver that he must always be free. If he isn't free and himself, how can I go on loving him? Some men are so noble that they give and give and give until there's nothing left but an exasperating shadow of nobility for a poor woman to care for. . . . Your idea of love is simply to possess a man—dead or alive . . . the frightfullest ogre there is; the ogre who is always waiting to devour all lovers; the ogre of familiarity. . . . Unless the man and the woman are free the home becomes a prison. Gain. The business contract. So long as women submit . . . [the home must be] sacred *from* wrangling and horribleness and all the deadening little arrangements of habit and existence.

It is when Herbert Shipway recognizes the truth of this thesis and when his wife overcomes her morbid horror of scenes that they break the smooth surface of a superficially comfortable life and tear in tatters the nice veil of appearances, carefully kept mended for years. The realization that it has all been a mistake comes in their one furious quarrel, and then too comes the knowledge that they have been a little too wise and that they have had more than enough of common sense. "I have always been afraid of making a fool of myself," shouts Herbert, "I am not now. See?"

Mr. de Sélincourt's greatest quality is his economy of writing, an economy that loses nothing in strength or grace. Its best instance is that superb portrayal of appalling respectability in Mrs. Shipway's description of her mating.

Think what our life's been. I knew you as a girl and liked you. I daresay I did give myself airs. Then we were decorously engaged and all our friends grinned and were kind and left us ostentatiously alone together. I'd nothing but airs to hide my shyness behind. I've never really known you any better. We've never really been alone together. Giggling, prying eyes have always followed us. I've always been a bride in white satin. . . . After that dreadful wedding, and we went to that loathsome hotel, with all the grinning-eyed, discreet servants, when I ached to be alone with you. . . .

As usual Mr. de Sélincourt is arbitrary in the selection of his plot. He presents the conflicting concepts of two couples and admits his readers as spectators to a few of the scenes in the drama of their life. But both in the incidents he has chosen and in the well-bred humor of his treatment he is much closer to the struggle that underlies domestic existence than is achieved in theatrical triangles and romantic rebellions by our realists of the Ibsen tradition. And, as usual, he draws his characters with the genial sympathy of an elder brother.

An Honest Novel

INITIATION. By GEORGE SHIVELY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1925.

Reviewed by LOUIS BROMFIELD
Author of "The Green Bay Tree"

IF there have been two characteristics strikingly evident in the American novel of the past five years, one might safely say that they were the predominance of autobiographical first efforts and of fiction by writers out of the middle West dealing with their own country. It is well known, I suppose, that "Sinister Street" launched the autobiographical novel. Everyone, the old saying goes, has a story in himself, and so scores of young men have told their stories, some excellently, with touches of strong individuality, some adequately because in college they learned how *not* to split infinitives and how *not* to do other things. A great many first novels have been followed by a great many second novels which were not so good, and by a great many third novels which were merely commonplace. The first novel, which is the author's own tale, is no gauge of his potentialities. Eventually he may escape into some less subjective state of mind, or he may simply go on writing the same story until it becomes threadbare. On the first novel which is autobiographical, one must suspend judgment; it is no test of the writer.

The middle west, it is the habit to say in passing, is a commonplace and uninteresting area upon the surface of the earth, yet there have been writers who have taken this dross and by some process of transmutation brought forth globules of gold. There are Sherwood Anderson and Willa Cather, who have shown us what lay beneath the surface, and there are Sinclair Lewis and Zona Gale who have been content to photograph the country (touching it here and there with acid) and show it to us in all its naked reality; and there is Booth Tarkington, who has just photographed it and tinted the finished print with nice pinks and yellows. One who is himself a middle-westerner is inclined to believe that the painting of Miss Cather and Mr. Anderson is likely to outlast the photography, however marvelously recognizable or however marvelously tinted.

"Initiation" is both an autobiographical novel and a novel essentially of the middle west. It has a warmth and a sympathy which is not the warmth of Miss Cather and Mr. Anderson and which a veteran writer is not likely to possess. It is the warmth and sympathy of youth, a feeling for the reality that is at once direct and neither tinted with pink nor treated with acid. The story of John Malleson is the tale of an ordinary young man who grows up, goes to college, enters the war, is wounded, and returns to marry the sweetheart of his youth. One cannot help feeling that it is the story of the author related with an unusual degree of fidelity. The reviewer knows whereof he speaks, for he comes from the same middle west and served, like the hero of the tale, as an attaché of the French army in sector after sector of the front described with such enthusiasm and detail by Mr. Shively. It is this honesty which is the outstanding quality of "Initiation," and the very quality which makes it extremely difficult to judge the book otherwise than as a young man's memoirs.

♣ ♣ ♣

It is to be regretted, for the sake of the author, that the book was not published at least three years ago; at that time its destiny would have been, beyond doubt, a more happy one than it can be in this day when the war has become, save in rare moments, an affair remote and hazy; for it is the portions dealing with the war which remain most clear in the memory. In this part of the book the author comes nearest to that transmutation of material which marks the borderline between the adequate and the extraordinary. In the pages which deal with the war, Mr. Shively has been carried away by an emotion which strikes flame into his pages, even when he writes in the conventional fashion of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and holds forth in set speeches upon the horror and uselessness of war, characteristics which have, long since and regrettably, come to be accepted as commonplace and matter of fact. One feels in the pages of description that the author, like most men, has succumbed, for all his speeches to the contrary, to an adventure which was glamorous and bloody, horrible and unreal, but possessed of a fascination that has in its very roots an existence concerned alone with eating, drinking, sleeping, and saving one's life.

Mr. Shively understands the business of writing. He knows what he wants to say and says it, clearly and with a sense of directness. There are no careless sentences of the sort which clutter so many novels, and at times there are pages of description which are done with a real sense of color and beauty. The relation between John Malleson and his father is admirably shown; indeed the father is perhaps the most real and appealing character in the book. The sweetheart, Mattie, is not very real, but the fault may lie in the fact that she was, like many of the characters, uninteresting in herself.

"Initiation," like all novels, has its faults, and what will annoy one reader will please the next. There are portions of it which are touched with much more than a mere capacity for story telling. To anyone who has lived in Indiana, it will be good reading, if for no other reason, because of the fidelity of the picture. But then, there are a hundred photographers to one good painter.

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"Beyond Good and Evil"

NAPOLEON. Translated from the French of ELIE FAURE by JEFFREY E. JEFFREY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. $3 net.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

EVERY so often there appears a volume which is acclaimed by a certain public as a "profound spiritual interpretation" of this character or that in history or literature, or even, sometimes, as the "final and definitive explanation" of some individual and his work, his "real place and meaning," or "significance" in the cosmic scheme. Sometimes they are real contributions, if not to our knowledge at least to our understanding of the character in question. Sometimes—and more frequently—they are more or less brilliant exercises in that field where the French in particular excel—the field of rhetoric. In general, they are most appreciated by those who know least about the subject in question. It would be easy to compile a long list of these meteoric literary phenomena which depend on whatever "penetration of genius" they possess and upon their author's capacity for vivid statement for what is usually a highly transient popularity.

With no prejudice for or against this species of literary composition, it may be said that the present volume belongs in this category. It may be—it almost certainly will be—urged that in its pages we have at last a real "explanation" of Napoleon. He was, as M. Faure tells us, "a poet of action," he was "with Christ, the only spirit recognized by Prometheus on earth," a hero whose "whole being marches forward to meet God." Contrary to the well-considered opinion of M. Guérard, who at least knows his facts and is capable of presenting them in attractive and convincing form, is M. Faure's dictum that "Jesus became a myth, but Napoleon did not." Contrary also to the facts—for every page of this volume reveals it as an apotheosis of the Napoleonic legend. It reads like a mediæval panegyric. It is full of exaggerated and mystical laudation. It speaks of this "pilgrim towards the Absolute," of "a will as preordained as birth," of the time when "glory, after having achieved the extreme material limits of men's knowledge and memory regarded itself as ungratified, his ransom was despair. And then, but only then, God welcomed him."

It is, indeed, an agreeable sensation to be able to share the plans and sentiments of the Almighty; it provides material for literature which is denied to most of us. It is the peculiar prerogative of the rhetorician. Into that realm one who has to do merely with the facts of life as they are presented to him, and to their interpretation on less than superhuman and omniscient grounds and by mere mortal means, cannot expect to enter. But when, intoxicated by the exuberance of their verbosity, such interpreters venture to assert that "This much must be repeated unceasingly. We see blood spilt but no minds enslaved," one may venture to consider this beyond even the pale of the imagination. Minds were not, indeed, "enslaved," but if they did not march to the beat of the Napoleonic drum wherever that drum went, were they permitted to put their thoughts in words?

Napoleon was too great a man to need such an interpretation as this provides him. All this rhetoric may be true—neither the reader nor the author knows whether it is or not. It is, at least, incapable of proof—and Napoleon was, after all, a human being, in spite of this effort to raise a mortal to the skies. That he was the greatest since Christ there will be found many to deny; that to declare he is to be put on the same level as the Savior of Mankind there are many more who, whatever their admiration for Napoleon, will regard as humorous or blasphemous, or both.

But that, paying the highest homage to M. Faure for his great gift of words, admitting him a rhetorician of the highest rank, admitting his sincerity, his wide reading in the writings of Napoleon, his undoubted eloquence, even admitting every epithet, showered on his book by his admirers, one may venture to question whether he has added to our knowledge or our understanding of his subject. For all such mystical explanations, all such efforts to lift the subject out of the realm of human cause and effect are, in effect, begging the question. They have small place or none in history. None can plumb the secrets of the human soul, even the humblest. Beyond the bounds of human capacity we cannot go, and in that uncharted land of the spirit one man's guess is as good as another's. To say that most men dream their actions, but Napoleon acted his dreams is an engaging epigram. But to explain Napoleon we need more than epigrams—and fortunately we have the facts on which to base a judgment. At this juncture in the world we do not need dithyrambics nor rhapsodies to help us understand.

A Liberating Philosophy

THE SUPREMACY OF THE SPIRITUAL. By HERBERT ALDEN YONTZ. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. $1.75.

Reviewed by RUFUS M. JONES

"NOW is the time to harvest your early Vedas," Emerson once wrote in a genuine vein of Emersonian humor. In very truth this is now the time to buy books which set forth the spiritual realities of the world and of human life. We have had a long run of materialistic interpretations. We have been dragged over vast areas of cold desert sand where ideals were called mirages and illusions, and now we are ready to welcome the man who brings us a message of relief and hope. But we want no preacher of rainbows and glowing auroras. If we are ever to get out of the drift of materialism it will not be accomplished by spurts of soft optimism and dashes of dreamy idealism. It can be brought about only by teachers who can demonstrate to us in a persuasive and convincing way that there is a solid spiritual ground in our own nature as persons and a basic spiritual foundation in the fundamental structure of our world.

Professor Yontz's new book is an excellent contribution in this direction. He calls for a profounder leadership in the field of thought and his own book is an answer to the call. The book is an example of sound, clear thinking and of attractive and convincing style of writing. His central note throughout the volume is the spiritual nature of man's deepest inward self. Self-conscious, self-directed, personality reveals spiritual energy as certainly as a dynamo reveals electrical energy. "All work done in the absence of fidelity to ideals is deadly, insincere, unheroic, and uncreative." But by fidelity to ideals of what the soul sees *ought to be* the life is transformed and spiritualized. The lower nature is vanquished and the forces of the higher life are brought into function and organized for mastery and service.

* * *

Professor Yontz shows a strong reaction away from the behavior-tendencies in psychology and he is also opposed to the assumption that the heart and substance of religion can be discovered by the methods of scientific psychology. He has no expectation that any method of description or of causal explanation will reveal what the religious person means by his religion. "Religion," for him, "is personality in the exercise of its highest function,—the capacity to perceive life in its larger sweep and to lay hold of the drive in these larger relations as power for living." "It is the greatest and the oldest creative force." It is "a fundamental form of contact with reality, on the side that faces Godward, whose truth and validity are attested by the long, growing experience of the race." It is "a tremendous vitalizing energy," seen at its highest in "the dynamic personality of Jesus."

He reviews also the deeper meaning of the ethical life and insists that this deeper meaning is missed and ignored by a large part of the present day psychologists and educators. "Mechanistic theories of mind and, therefore, of education with their trust in measurements and statistics, do not make for the developing of the creative powers of personality." The writer turns away from naturalistic and utilitarian conceptions in ethics and looks for "the centre of gravity of life's realities and powers in the inner life of the spirit." He thinks nobly of the soul, and he holds that there is an inner experience of mastery —*i.e.*, self-mastery—which is "mightier than all the forces that can war against a man." He is concerned, too, to lay deeper and solider foundations for the social structure and for the religious faiths of the world. The book should be welcomed by ministers who wish to free their thinking from the entanglements of superficial philosophy and to become heralds of an enlarging and a liberating philosophy. There seems in fact to be little use of preaching unless it can be shown that there is a supremacy of the spiritual.

A Project in Metaphysics

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHARACTER. By EDGAR PIERCE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by W. H. SHELDON
Yale University

PHILOSOPHIC thought oscillates between the two poles of Hegalian monism and Leibnitzian pluralism; the latter, overshadowed for decades by the absolutism of Hegel, is certainly coming into its own today. Besides the strong school of Leibnitzians in England—Ward, McTaggart, Carr, and others—we have the personalistic tradition emanating from Howison and Bowne in America, now strengthened by a new recruit. Mr. Pierce's book, as the title hardly suggests, is an ambitious project in metaphysics. It surveys the field of mind, life, and the inorganic in little more than 400 pages. With the avowed purpose of providing a basis for human improvement, it outlines and defends a spiritualistic pluralism. Among modern writers, the author is nearest to Carr, Bergson, and James. To be sure, he has not quite thought through the difficulties of pluralism. He declares that "reality is the organic unity of many minute minds," not realizing that this is ruinous to pluralism; on the other hand, he insists on the latter view—many minds external to one another—to satisfy the demand made by realists for the independence of objects. For the rest, Mr. Pierce's treatment is admirably concrete. He passes in review the results of biology and to a less extent of physics; he looks over recent work on the mind-body problem; toward the end he proffers a sketch of cosmogony in terms of mind endowed with primitive conation and rudimentary memory. Decidedly interesting the attempt is; not, indeed, that there is anything new in it, nor that the author thinks there is, but that there is a genuine metaphysical animus.

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In particular, the author's idea of natural law as not necessary and fixed, but rather the tendency of bodies to acquire habits, is noteworthy. (He does not mention Charles Peirce, first advocate of this view.) In this way he thinks to save purposive activity; yet we find to our surprise that freedom consists not in the indetermination which is hereby provided but in action determined by reason. The problem of freedom is scarcely treated with the care which its significance for a "Philosophy of Character" would require. The unity of consciousness he like other panpsychists finds a tough problem. If electrons are dimly conscious (which he declares probable) why do some combinations of them—living bodies—assume an integral consciousness, while others such as chairs or stones do not? Sometimes he is inclined to accept this as a given fact inaccessible to reason; at other times he reasons that the integral consciousness must always have existed, the bits of consciousness possessed by the electrons being broken off. The difficulty of explaining how two germ cells, each with a separate mind, come to combine by fertilization to form a new mind, he is aware of but does not meet. There are many gaps of this sort in the system he offers us; somewhat exasperating indeed to the professional, who is inclined to feel that any philosophy written today which passes over these old difficulties is hardly worthy of study. The present reviewer, however, does not share that opinion; admitting the defects he nevertheless welcomes Mr. Pierce's method of inductive investigation as a philosophical restorative. Another good point of the book is the true modesty of the author. "Probably" is a word frequently at the end of his pen. Exact proof he does not pretend to give. He knows that even physical science changes much, and its conclusions are tentative to a degree; at least as much so must our philosophy be.

As regards the problem of Deity, Mr. Pierce favors the idea of a big and growing mind, not a supreme Creator. All reality, he holds, is nothing but growing and creative minds; material bodies are such mental beings, and their strivings become habits and take on the guise of laws of nature. The emphasis on growth and creation is familiar in the semi-popular philosophy of the day; and there is a pleasing irony in the iteration by many writers of such phrases as creative mind, creative synthesis, activity, etc., since these are what the professionals since Hume have practically agreed to deem unintelligible. Mr. Pierce here falls into the ranks of the irrationalistic majority.

No: there is nothing new in the book; but the

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revival of the empirical-scientific spirit of Aristotle, the delightful personal modesty of the author, his interest in the specific character of the material universe and of mind—these cover a multitude of sins and will render the volume attractive and suggestive to many who feel the call of the problems of philosophy. But the title may not draw the right class of readers; for those who like to study human character are not (unfortunately for them) usually much interested in metaphysics.

Gardens of Spain

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE GARDENS. By Rose Standish Nichols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. $10.

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS. By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1924. $15.

Reviewed by Georgiana Gordon King

Bryn Mawr College

"IN the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be pools, with reeds and rushes"; the promise of the Syrian visionary is no stranger than the beauty of Spanish gardens. Their origin is to be sought in the east, where water is valuable like live things and desirable like precious stones. Their elements are whitewash and foliage, trees and walls, tiles and potted plants, fountains, clear pools, and channelled, limpid currents of running water.

The traveller brings back from Spain no memory of gardens. He remembers brown plains where pasturing sheep move slowly across the dry stubble, the arid mountains on the distant sky-line seamed with burnt-up water-courses, or else pine-woods on unbroken granite ranges, resinous in the strong sun; nowhere water, flowers nowhere. In the cities, as he recalls, house-fronts enclose and overhang the narrow streets of cobble-stone, and the parks are composed of trodden earth and dusty trees. The traveller is in error, of course; he has remembered only what was most unexpected, typical, or frequent in the north and centre of the peninsula. Yet even those who know their Spain will be surprised at the richness and variety of material offered in these two new books which describe and illustrate simply gardens and patios, with a few cloisters for good measure.

* * *

Both dealing with the same subject, both illustrated from photographs very fully, they yet repeat surprisingly little, and duplicate not at all. Only one view, that of a famous pergola on a Mallorcan estate, appears in both books, and here the photographing is done very differently. Mr. Byne takes his own pictures. Miss Nichols was content to employ the best photographers to work for her, and to add some views from 18th century paintings, a set of Indian miniatures, and a selection from the beautiful series of gardens painted ten years ago by the Catalan, Santiago Rusiñol.

A different point of view, also, was chosen. Miss Nichols, who is by profession a landscape gardener, has read widely in her field, so that she can commence with an enchanting chapter on The Oriental Background and follow up with a second on Moorish Influence in Andalusia; and from books of travellers she can quote now Lady Holland, again the Venetian, Navagero, who was ambassador to Charles V; and anon Philip II when he deplores missing one year the songs of the nightingales. She embraced in her journey not only Andalusia and the Island of Mallorca but Portugal and Catalonia, and the wider range lends an agreeable variety. The studied simplicity and unpretentious narrative are agreeable too; so is the sensible practice of pausing, after description, to sum up and state conclusions.

It is regrettable because unnecessary that the other large book under consideration should be even heavier and harder to handle; hard because by some fault of binding the volume will not lie open to be looked at, and unnecessary because in it the half-tone illustrations, like the four color-plates, are all full-page, and the text, kept separate, might easily be printed on some paper less weighty and less brittle.

Arthur Byne is a trained architect, a skilled photographer, a picturesque painter; Mildred Stapley, who is Mrs. Byne, has all the knowledge which lies behind the four or five books of theirs that the Hispanic Society has published, besides her own special connoisseurship in the industrial arts. Here episodes of Spanish history and acquaintance with Spanish gentlemen furnish points of departure, tiles are considered more closely than plants, and the preoccupation is mainly with ground plans, with absolute architecture in the surroundings, with the question of scale, and before all with color as the painter sees it: "There is much charm in these simple patios—bright patches of sun, exquisite bluish shadows, and one vivid color."

After the first two the essays are frankly desultory, but they offer detailed studies of selected examples: two private gardens in Seville, a famous one in Ronda, and so on. The ground plans of these gardens are delightful bits of quaint drawing.

The volume includes no less than 150 plates, nearly all from photographs. About these several things must be said, beginning with a great regret that no better medium can be found than the half-tone. It is peculiarly ill-suited to an artist's photographs, for all the delicacies of tone and texture proper to photography disappear in the process. They reveal too often the passion for "trimming" which rages just now in the ateliers and dominates every photographic salon. By reason of this, the pictures that purport to represent real things, a well-head, a pleached stairway, a vista, a cloister angle, take on a curious unreality that proves on analysis to be due to the absence of foreground or background, as the case may be, and the presentation, say, of a soft-toned middle distance where the eye seeks the detail of foreground, or of a steep perspective that, like modern music, stops before it finishes, or of a sharp, scrappy close-at-hand effect unrelieved by any room for light and air.

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The upshot of this criticism is, of course, that the photographs are entirely in the modern manner, and the implication is that they are far too good not to be taken seriously. A great many are very beautiful even in the reproduction, which is the more satisfactory because the intention was plainly to afford, with the minimum of text, the maximum of pictures. The study of Andalusian patios, however, is serious, valuable for English readers, so is the account of the use of colored earths for contrast in garden paths and beds; and such generalizations as occur are sound and suggestive; as that, in Andalusia, "not recreation nor grandeur but privacy, shade, fragrance, repose, were the desiderata."

Even allowing that the gardens of Catalonia were wisely left apart, reserved, one hopes, for a second volume, it is a pity that more in the northwest were not cited for comparison: the cloister of Celanova, set within its baroque granite convent and filled with the amazing blue hydrangeas of Galicia, or that palace at Santiago where the whole patio is filled with an intricate pattern of low, clipped box, not like a labyrinth but like a rug, which is, presumably, the finest of its sort in the world. Nevertheless this book, like the other, is full of charm for persons, simply, of taste, and full of value for those who exercise the oldest calling in the world, that which Adam practised in Paradise.

T. W. H. Crosland, who died recently at the age of fifty-six was, says the London *Mercury*, "a pugnacious man who looked what he was; he scattered his talents and wasted much of his time in violent controversy. As a critic he was as vehement as he was racy; as a poet he had gifts of which he never managed to make use; the original was mixed with the derivative and journalism was always creeping in. He was prominent in the warfare which raged over the reputation of Wilde; his satirical poem, 'The First Stone,' written after reading 'De Profundis,' was a very bitter satire, the very title of which shows Crossland's reckless temper. He made a great popular success with "The Unspeakable Scot,' which he attempted to repeat in little books on women and teetotalers; his best volume is undoubtedly his excellent book 'The English Sonnet.' Everything he wrote had a rough vigor; his leading articles in popular newspapers were unique for their vividness of phrase, liveliness of wit, and utter extravagance of opinion."

The Tattooed Countess

ON Christmas Day, July 13, 1897, on the brakebeams beneath a parlor car on the Overland Limited, a tattooed Countess sat, smoking a cigar. If that opening does not intrigue the reader, he must be hard to move.

The Countess Ella Tittattoetarini was a brandied peach of upwards of sixteen—forty years upwards. Her saucy nose, tilted at an angle of 32 degrees Fahrenheit, gave her face an expression of cold hauteur. Her figure was buxom, if you were charitable; fat, if you were realistic; pinguid, if you were precious.

She was smartly attired in the mode of 1897. Her dress of crepe-de-sheeny was incongruously adorned with jambons du Westphalie striated with cheffoniers of épinards and navets, with complications. Her toque of purple homards was heaped with camaraderie and bonsvivants. Her low choux were French.

Owing to the excessive heat she had turned back her sleeves and exposed her biceps, on each of which was tattooed a double-cross and her motto: *Je suis crazy*. This tattooing furnished an engaging title for her story. Otherwise it was negligible.

Her cigar finished, the Countess climbed through the car-window and resumed her seat. She placed her feet on the chair across the aisle and made an attempt to read a novel. The efforts of the corpulent conductor and several pinguid passengers to hurdle her legs in their peregrinations distracted her attention. Their inconcinnity grated upon her. She closed the book and wept.

What was the Countess crying for? asked Files-on-parade. Thirty or forty years rushed pell-mell into her consciousness, just in time to give the long-animous reader the needed exposition of her faux past. She recalled the fields of France, sprinkled with scarlet champignons and saffron escargots; evidently, then, she had been in France. She recollected dinners at the Louvre with the Cardinal de Richelieu, the Vicomte de Bragelonne, the Comte de Monte Cristo; certainly, then, she had moved in the best society. She vaguely remembered her husband, his death, and his exequies; plainly, she was a widow.

Quite abruptly other pictures displaced these mental cut-backs; the Moulin Rouge, the Jardin Mabille, the Rat Mort, and, ultimately, Tony. Tony was a handsome young highflyer known à tout Paris as the Boy de Balloon. He was a tenor in a dix-vingt-trente opera troupe. How he sang the Scarecrow in Les Clothes de Cornfield, Maraschino in The Cherry Pickers, Ptomaine in Olive and, above all, Skinnay in La Belle Hellean! Always he sang froid, no other tenor sang froider.

She had loved Tony, not wisely but—well! well! Preferring the simple life, she dispensed with all ceremony, including the nuptial. She had travelled with Tony and the troupe . . . until she discovered his duplicity . . . then she upbraided him . . . and he gave her l'air.

What should she do to forget? The answer came to her one day as she was eating breast of guinea en camisole. She must revisit the scenes of her childhood, the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, as fond recollection presents them to view, and see what they offered as a substitute for Tony. Cherchez le garçon! in every loved spot that her infancy knew.

She had just completed this very considerate revue of her vie when the train stopped and the conductor prolated: Maple Valley, Ioway.

Her sister met her in the lentiginous station, wearing palliament pathognomic of her passerine pucelage.

II

Gareth Johns was a handsome boy with brown eyebrows and a well-shaped pair of small but efficient adenoids, which gave him an always open countenance. He had just completed his final year at kindergarten.

He was much interested in birds' eggs. He delighted in their colors; the greenish-green eggs of the pink-legged palfrey, the bluish-coral eggs of the teetering toadhopper, the red-white-and-blue eggs

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of the tangletoed tanager, the scrambled-yellow eggs of the languorous leghorn.

Gareth possessed many books—Frank in the Mountains, Frank on the Prairies, Frank the Young Bootlegger, Frank on a Houseboat, Frank in Pajamas, Frank in Toxicated, Frank in the Hoosegow. But it was not from his books nor his birds' eggs that Gareth learned to know life. His collection of cigarette-pictures, of actresses in tights, taught him the hidden facts of nature—that, in the matter of understanding, the female of the species is more pinguid than the male.

When Gareth first saw the Countess she was wearing a robe of Paris-green coriander. The skirt was quiet in front, but there was considerable tumult and bustle elsewhere. The corsage was a bolero over a bologna, the latter cut à la sausage, the former similarly lacerated and trimmed with midinettes of pale maroon. It had a yoke with four godets, kitchenet, dinet, and bath and was piped with purple velvet for hot and cold water and gas.

Look at that! Garet whispered to his mother. Look what the cat dragged in!

The Countess caught his eye. Le garçon cherché a été trouvé!

III

Gareth's mother allowed him to call on the Countess on the next evening. Grasping a hemibrotic all-day-sucker in one hand and a Teddy-bear in the other, he sallied forth.

The Countess had discharged all the servants and locked her sister in the cellar. She felt it was the most momentous occasion of her visit to Maple Valley and chose her gown accordingly.

It was a creation of Monsieur Worth. It was compounded of organdie, grenadine, curacoa, linen, duck, chicken, silk, satin, subterfuge, spongee, velvet, vermuth, cinchona, dimity slugshot, and challis-in-our-alley in equal proportions and contrasting shades. The sleeves, bulging slightly at the shoulders, burst at the elbow with a loud report. Filmy lace spilled from either side of the high collar and ran down all over the table-cloth. She completed her toilet by spraying herself with gasoline to increase her inflammability.

Gareth approached the house in close order, without videttes or outriders. Almost before he knew it he was hern. She sat down in a rocker and took him on her lap. Her heart was thumping violently.

Listen! said Gareth. That's the pump in the new waterworks.

She knew better, but she could not stop its beating. Her eyes flamed like a hungry tiger's. She must do something.

"Come on!" she cried pyrexically. "We'll make lemonade!" She sliced lemons by dozens, hundreds. Squeezed buckets, tubs of juice. Poured in sacks of sugar. Stirred it with increasing violence, a whirlpool in a wash-tub.

"More!" she cried wildly. "More lemonade!"

There were no more lemons to squeeze, except Gareth. She must do something to allay this torment, this longing. She turned upon him, swept him into her arms.

"Gareth!" she cried. "I love you, Gareth! I adore you, Gareth!"

"Pretty lady!" said Gareth. "Pretty lady loves Gareth. Mummy loves Gareth, too."

"Come with me, Gareth! Let us fly to Settignano! On the hills, Gareth, amid the cypresses and the winepresses, the pipe of Pan is heard. We'll hit the pipe together! Little Gareth, come with me!"

Gareth made no reply. Lulled by the sound of her voice, he slept.

* * * * *

The midnight east-bound flyer picked up two passengers at Maple Valley, a full-fare and a half-fare.

* * * * *

But put them down again in Chicago in the custody of a man. He was garbed in a navy-blue coat, cut à la cop, with pants of the same.

* * * * *

The Countess got ten years hard in the pen.

* * * * *

Gareth got ten minutes hard in the wood-shed.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The Bowling Green

Handwriting

A WRITER received a letter from a friendly teacher of English in a university. "If you were to come to the University of ———," she wrote, "I should ask you to speak to my students in English composition. Not having that opportunity, I have the temerity to ask whether you will write, through me, to these young people who are learning to write in their own language. They will listen to you, whereas they are skeptical of textbook theory. . . . May I ask what you consider a specimen, whether a chapter or a paragraph, of your best writing?"

It is delightfully like sending to some manufacturer for samples of his "best" goods.

I often wonder how the notion got started that there is a mysterious kind of writing that is "best." Literature is not a commodity that can be valued by schedule at an appraising warehouse. It seems grotesque to have to insist on it again and again, but literature is the sudden expression of the fierce hilarious lives of human beings. The "best" writing is merely that which is most appropriate to the mood it yearns to convey. Is Milton "better" than Max Beerbohm? Is Moby Dick "better" than Poor Richard? People who think that literature is something created merely for classification are like the man in Chekhov's notebook: "he did not eat, he partook of food"—To that little volume, by the way ("Notebook of Anton Chekhov," published by Huebsch, 1921) a student might well be directed, to see how literature emerges from life.

* * *

Obviously there are certain kinds of writing where careful judgment is more important than daintiness of expression. I have before me two clippings from a very able writer in the New York *World*. He says, writing about C. E. Montague's "The Right Place":—

> Its sales have been nothing like its quality merited. For conceits and whimsies, for random speculations and classic allusions, it is the most nugatory of excursions.

And writing about Amy Lowell's life of Keats he says:—

> It is a good book in every sense of the word. Not since P. P. Howe's work on Hazlitt have I read anything so rugged and nugatory.

These excellent comments are somewhat marred for me by the painful suspense as to whether this vigorous critic, whom I justly admire, knows the meaning of *nugatory*. Or another instance—equally nugatory: a cheerful compiler of biographical data about current novelists, in a memoir of William McFee, remarks:—

> He was born, without mishap, about the time "Copperfield," a fat and fascinating volume, first issued from the press.

The sprightliness of this sentence is corrupted for me by the fact that "David Copperfield" was published in 1850, and Mr. McFee was born more than thirty years later.

Some of the worst writing ever seen appeared lately in evening newspapers that undertook, before the event, to describe a total eclipse of the sun. Reporters who had not time to view the actual scene, compiled imaginary descriptions of green and orange flames shooting across the sky. These violent attempts to describe what was not, naturally missed the pale and serene beauty of the genuine spectacle. This was bad writing because it was absurd and insincere. Where behavior is incommensurate with the true significance of the event, absurdity always begins to appear. At the same time there appeared —in the New York *World*—an editorial on the eclipse that showed true meditation:—

> Once all men would have tried by magic and sacrifice to alter the inexorable course of the shadow. Today they are going outdoors to enjoy the spectacle and to understand it more accurately. In the record of that change of attitude toward the universe lies the story of the emancipation of the human mind.
>
> A free mind is an understanding mind, a mind that has found its place, judged its power and made its peace with the natural order of which it is a part. . . .

There, I venture to say, is good writing: good because it is honest, thoughtful, and not inflated beyond its intellectual coefficient.

* * *

Obviously it is a parlous task to teach literature, because literature is merely bouillon cubes of life; and those who are "studying" literature have, for the most part, not encountered life very closely. It is the problem of intimating to a child in a porcelain tub the cruel insignificance of the sea. The meaning of the tub is so plain, the meaning of the sea so obscure.

Near the room where I write this there is a tablet on a street-corner which tells how Poe read "The Raven" aloud to his luncheon-cronies and sold it simultaneously to three journals in the neighborhood. Just that little inscription helps to make "The Raven" a greater thing to me: for I see it not just as something I pattered at school but as sheets of charmingly graceful script (have you ever seen Poe's handwriting?) fluttering over a malt-stained table in an Ann Street tavern. I see it as the expression of some wild, ecstatic, impoverished dream that fretted that hot pale forehead. And what a sense of the dreadful reality of literature one had in the Morgan collection of manuscripts at the Public Library. The little stained scrawl of Shelley's "Indian Serenade," taken from the yacht after two months under water; Keats's will—those few poor lines: "All my estate consists in the hopes of the sale of books publish'd or unpublish'd," and the added wish that "my Taylor" (his generous publisher) be paid his few pounds; or Jane Austen writing to her sister some ingenious speculations on the planning of a new dress ("As I find the Muslin is not so wide as it used to be, some contrivance may be necessary.") Harry Fielding's receipt for £600 for "Tom Jones," Bozzy's letter to Temple confessing that he writes while "suffering severely for immorality." Swift rhyming for Stella on her birthday, Burns alluding to one of his prettiest verses as "this random clink"—could one not hear, from every glassed-in case in the great room, the whisper and beating of these troubled hearts? It was intolerable: one could not linger too long. "Oh I *adore* Sterne" said a lady with a lorgnette, gazing into the case where the MS. of one of Laurence's sermons lay side by side with his letter to "Bramine" . . . "I have some time foreboded I should think of you too much; and behold it is come to pass."

"Oh, *look* at his *handwriting!*" cried the lady over the Addison case. "Isn't it *fascinating!*" Somehow it seems as though textbooks have a way of obscuring the truth that literature is just that—handwriting; that there was an actual fist behind it, and that these poor shreds of scribble were leaves from a growing tree. There was a poet who died the other day, T. W. H. Crosland, whose angry and fiery heart pushed real blood into the veins of his work. In his book on "The English Sonnet" he wrote (of Michael Drayton):—

> Here we have no newling, honey-lipped, sugared "sonneteer," but a gentleman with a temper of his own and something of a fist in which to hold the quill. The notion that poetry, and sonnets in particular, are written only by the mild-mannered, and persons in precarious health, requires to be dispelled. As a fact, great poets are not only the sanest people in the world, but physically and temperamentally the toughest.

My copy of Crosland's "Collected Poems" is not handy, for a few weeks ago I found myself thinking of him, and lent it to a friend—but the concluding line of one of his sonnets comes to me with a thrill—

> And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Now he is dead: as dead as Milton; but when he was alive, he wrote fine things. He sat down and brooded on his topic, thinking how wrong everyone else was: he brooded until he bubbled with rage, and then, in a superb and delightful anger he began to write, with knitted lips, flailing about with his pen, distributing largesse of jeers and jewels. His work suffered, as the work of an angry man must; but he was real. When our correspondent can convince her pupils that literature is a human voice, expressed from actual hearts by the form and weight of life, she has accomplished as much as can be done for those young skeptics. Even then her most skilful insinuations will never startle them as much as what they find out for themselves.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Stratford Life

MASTER RICHARD QUYNY, BAILIFF OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, AND FRIEND OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By EDGAR I. FRIPP. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. $3.35.

Reviewed by JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS
Cornell University

HAVING recently completed the task of editing for the Dugdale Society the "Minutes and Accounts of the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon, 1553-1620," Mr. Fripp now issues, as a by-product of his more arduous labor, this life of Richard Quyny. The volume should be welcome to all lovers of Shakespeare, and for two reasons. The Quyny and Shakespeare families were closely associated during three generations; Richard's father, Adrian, was a friend of the dramatist's father, John; Richard himself composed the only extant letter addressed to the dramatist ("Loving countryman, I am bold of you as of a friend . . ."); and Richard's son, Thomas, married the dramatist's daughter, Judith. Secondly, as one of the active citizens of the town, holding virtually every office in the gift of the corporation, and serving his fellows continuously and faithfully until his death, Quyny epitomizes, as it were, the burgher life of Stratford. Thus his detailed biography, necessarily introducing many other personages associated with village affairs, supplies that background against which every correct picture of the dramatist must be set; for, it should be remembered, the poet came from these people, lived with them until he had attained full manhood, purchased among them (in 1597, after an absence of only about seven years) a home for himself and his family, and retired to spend his last years in their companionship. Not without reason did he customarily describe himself as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon."

For the task of sketching this background of Stratford life no one is better qualified than Mr. Fripp. Unfortunately, however, he could not resist the temptation to pad his book with unwarranted excursions into the life of Shakespeare. Such digressions are hard to justify on logical grounds; and it must be added that our author is not nearly so well at home in London discussing actors and men of letters. We might not have complained at his digressions if therein he had confined himself to known facts; but he deals almost entirely in conjecture. For instance, he represents the youthful Shakespeare as certainly a clerk "in a country attorney's office," probably the office of Henry Rogers—because of Shakespeare's supposed knowledge of legal terms. And from this position he would have the promising young lawyer join Leicester's troupe of players on its passage through Stratford in the year 1587—for no obvious reason. Mr. Fripp does not explain why this troupe, rather than one of the many others that visited Stratford, should have induced Shakespeare to abandon his legal career; nor does he explain why this distinguished company of professional players should take on a person wholly inexperienced in acting. And he surely fails to understand the arduous and exacting duties of a London actor when he suggests that Shakespeare composed "Love's Labour's Lost" in the Henley Street home—merely because the play has echoes of Stratford and of country life.

Even less convincing is his attempt to solve in minute detail the mystery of the Sonnets, with Christopher Marlowe as the Rival Poet. A good example of the tenuousness of his efforts at Shakespearean biography is his suggestion that in the person of Horatio the dramatist has embalmed the memory of Richard Quyny—on the ground that the Stratford Bailiff died in 1602 when "Hamlet" was being composed. He would also have Quyny the "coetanean" mentioned by the gossing Aubrey. After quoting Aubrey's statement that Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and that "there was at that time another butcher's son in this town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and coetanean, but died young," he remarks:

> John Shakespeare was not a butcher, though he had to do with skins; nor was Adrian Quyny, though he dealt in provisions; and Richard Quyny did not die young, if at the outset of a remarkable career; but there can be little doubt that he was the friend referred to.

This logic, I fear, will not appeal to the careful reader.

In brief, as long as Mr. Fripp is in his familiar Stratford, or is presenting cold facts based on records, his book is admirable; but as soon as he ventures into the London career of Shakespeare, and begins to deal in fanciful speculations, his work loses its value. Fortunately, the bulk of his volume is concerned with Quyny and Stratford, and mainly consists of carefully reproduced documents. A fuller index would have rendered these documents more useful to scholars. But we must not cavil at a volume which in an authoritative way presents the Stratford life of Shakespeare's time.

The Power of Humor

THE LIFE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING. By MARIE DRESSLER. New York: Robert McBride & Co. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN S. MARTIN

MARIE DRESSLER begins her autobiography with an apology for having no photographic exhibit of "Marie Dressler at the Age of Two." She explains that there are pictures extant of her sister and her cousin, both lovely little creatures as children. One shows them standing with the rope of a sled in their hands. The sled is invisible. When visitors look at the family album, they ask of Miss Dressler, "And where is your picture, dear?" From earliest childhood, Miss Dressler has blithely replied, "I was sitting on the sled."

Little further explanation is necessary as to how it came about that an uncomely, ungainly Canadian child became a permanent fixture in the affections of her generation, became a queen of farce, a favorite of Society, a friend of U. S. presidents and other celebrities. She early developed talents for singing, dancing, and comic acrobatics that helped enormously. If a broad jaw and generous mouth dispelled what might have been conventional charm of countenance, there was a certain liveliness and homely zest to her face that attracted many. Then, too, in a day of "shapes," she has to admit, "even I had a waistline." Finally, the Ugly Duckling's devotion to her mother translated itself into a will to succeed, *i. e.*, to take to water with travelling companies, to sprout pin-feathers by working up to support Lillian Russell in "Princess Nicotine," to lay golden eggs in "Tillie's Nightmare" and subsequent hits.

But nor talent nor face nor figure nor filial devotion was the secret of secrets about Marie Dressler. Ultimately, it was her gift from the Giftie, discovered first when she saw that people were pleased when she stumbled over the parlor rug in her clumsy fourth year, employed later as when she "saved" a show by capitalizing a ludicrous accident to her headgear. This humor, which is a pleasing form of humility, informs the Dressler book, too—becomes slapstick in places, quaintly reminiscent of broad days that roared over Limburger-cheese and fried-onion jokes; but remains always and essentially, a "good" humor, more often than not, hilariously witty. It relates, with garrulous intimacy, with easy dignity, anecdotes, personalities, and manners that should make the old bucks in their clubs smile fondly; the old managers in their offices nod approvingly; the old audiences, in their homes and wherenot, hark back in pleasure and gratitude.

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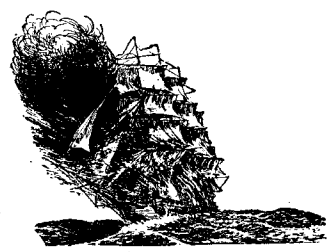

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Books of Special Interest

Restoration Drama

A HISTORY OF RESTORATION DRAMA, 1660-1700. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan). 1923.

RESTORATION COMEDY, 1660-1720. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. $2.

COMEDY AND CONSCIENCE AFTER THE RESTORATION. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. New York: Columbia University Press. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON

Author of "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century."

THE recent publication by the University Presses of Cambridge, Oxford, and Columbia of three critical studies of Restoration drama emphasizes anew the change in the academic status of English stage-plays since the days when Sir Thomas Bodley dismissed them as "baggage books" unworthy of room "in so noble a Librarie" as that which he founded at Oxford. Sir William Osler liked to illustrate this with the story of how it cost the Bodleian Library three thousand pounds, in 1906, to regain its original copy of Shakespeare's First Folio which had been sold as a needless duplicate when the Third Folio of 1663-4 came out. But the full academic consideration now given to that body of Restoration comedy which Macaulay pronounced "a disgrace to our language and our national character" is still more a case in point.

The Cambridge and Oxford volumes approach Restoration drama from different angles. Mr. Nicoll is primarily a student of history; Mr. Dobrée, an interpreter of literature. The historian aims resolutely at the facts. His best source is the Public Record Office from which he has generously drawn valuable material bearing on Restoration stage-history. Mr. Dobrée draws mainly from wide reading in the general literature of the period, Continental as well as English. He prefers to roam where even critical fancy is free. The merits and limitations of each writer are enforced by the contrast. The historian proceeds *fortiter in re;* the critic, *suaviter in modo.* The former has assured energy in investigating facts rather than an equally assured faculty of critical interpretation; the latter tends at times to disregard facts that might mar his fancy.

The solidity of Mr. Nicoll's work suggests at once its chief merit and defect. The weight of his task often depresses his style. His account of the Comedy of Manners has not caught from it the contagion of its easy urbanity. In the gracious presence of Congreve's brilliant lovers, he stands somewhat ill at ease. "Mirabell and Millamant, about whom the plot, such as it is, gyrates continually, are not complete figures: they are merely automata, devised as mouthpieces for the poet." Alas, poor Millamant! Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to beguile Hazlitt and George Meredith? Mr. Dobrée, on the other hand, feels that even Meredith does not do full justice to Millamant. So far from admitting with Mr. Nicoll that "The Way of the World" has "no sentiment in it, no realism," he finds Millamant and Mrs. Marwood "figures of an intense realism," and interprets Congreve as the poet of disillusion whose vital sympathy lends even a tragic touch to the comic vision. Mr. Dobrée's danger lies in imposing sometimes too heavy a weight upon a slender fabric. Not quite content with building up a case for Congreve's "wicked" *jeunes premiers* as gentlemen whose manners are little removed from ours and whose sowing of wild oats represents "the common-sense attitude current even in Victorian days," he must needs press on to a dangerously dogmatic conclusion: "Once they have come to marriage, they show the utmost sincerity." Is it so sure that all Congreve's fifth act conversions would be sustained if the curtain were to go up again for a sixth act? Was that the Way of the World then, or even in Victorian days?

The wide divergencies in substance and style between Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Dobrée may be illustrated more broadly. Mr. Nicoll's section on The Comedy of Manners closes thus:

> The chief things to remember about the development of the comedy of manners are, that it was not the principal fare of the theatres from 1664 to 1700, and that it was not even distinctively of the Restoration age at all. Some of its principal exponents live after the death of Charles.

This is the conclusion of an annalist of facts, not of an analyist of Restoration comedy. One might object, in passing, to the inconsistency in stressing a point of chronology quite at odds with the author's habitual use of the term "Restoration" and with the very title of his volume. But the real issue lies deeper. Are these negative injunctions as to the facts, in reality, "the chief things to remember about the development of the comedy of manners?" Mr. Dobrée in his final summary prefers positive praise, declaring that Wycherley's "Country Wife" "can take its place among the great masterpieces of the ages," and finding it "hard to imagine that in any civilized age" "The Country Wife" and "The Way of the World" "will not be regarded as glories of our literature, gems of our theatrical inheritance." Mr. Nicoll, as historian, has faced an arduous task arduously. Unconsciously, perhaps, his tone tends to harden into that of a taskmaster, toward his own work as well as toward that of others. Mr. Dobrée, as critic, follows an ardent quest ardently. He is quite content to be carried away by his subject even at possible risk to his own control.

Mr. Krutch's work, less exhaustive in scope than Mr. Nicoll's and less emotional in expression than Mr. Dobrée's, centers on Jeremy Collier's famous onslaught on the English stage. He reviews the Restoration comic tradition and follows the course of sentimental comedy through the first quarter of the eighteenth century. His general conclusions confirm fully the rational interpretation of Collier as the popular spokesman—not the unique prophet—of the rising opposition to the license of Restoration comedy, the voice through which an inevitable movement toward reform became articulate. He reënforces the verdict against those earlier extremists who sometimes magnified and sometimes belittled Collier's real position. Mr. Krutch's chief service is in enlarging the immediate materials and general background for study of the English stage reformation rather than in establishing new critical theories.

It is a matter of serious regret that only Mr. Dobrée attempts any bibliography which includes the recent "literature of the subject" (to adopt the generous phrase), and that his is so scanty that, were it not for a single entry, it would seem that American publications were intentionally excluded. Had Mr. Nicoll, for example, attempted to list even incidentally the output of historical and critical studies, editions, and texts of Restoration drama published in the quarter-century since Ward's revision of his masterwork on English drama, he could hardly have risked his sweeping initial assumptions as to the task of the present historian of Restoration drama: "The works of which he treats have been, rightly or wrongly, neglected by scholar and by layman alike. . . . The whole period is one which for long has been untouched." Mr. Nicoll's extravagant generalizations, which would be discredited even by many an undergraduate student of Restoration drama, contrast oddly with his painstaking "Hand-list of Restoration plays." Mr. Krutch essays a difficult and desirable bibliography of critical works between 1660 and 1700, but the whirligig of time has brought in strange revenges in admitting Buckingham's burlesque, "The Rehearsal," but not Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," his "Defence," or his "Essay of Heroic Plays"—or, for that matter, such works as Howard's critical prefaces. More satisfactory is his extended bibliography of the Collier Controversy. Oddly enough, both Mr. Krutch and the special Collier bibliography in the "Cambridge History of English Literature" misdates the central work, Collier's own "Short View" (1688 and 1696, for 1698). But far less explicable is Mr. Krutch's neglect, while commenting on the work of his predecessor, Dr. Ballein, to make any acknowledgement of the "Cambridge History" bibliography.

The real issues raised by the more serious oversights of all three of the works under present review are not concerned with chance misprints or technical details of bibliography. The tendency to disregard obvious and important sources of reference, especially when it leads at times to false conclusions as to general facts or as to the author's own merits, concerns perhaps even more the general reader than the specialist who is less likely to be misled. The very fact that these three works on Restoration drama make significant and varied contributions to historical and critical study entitles them to serious, but not indiscriminate, regard. By a happy coincidence they renew scholarly interest, at home and abroad, in Restoration drama, at a time when Congreve's "Way of the World" has had stage revival both in London and New York.

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Foreign Literature

German Plays

JUAREZ UND MAXIMILIAN. By FRANZ WERFEL. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay Verlag, 1924.

VINCENT. By HERMANN KASACK. Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer. 1924.

KOMODIE DER VERFUHRUNG. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1924.

DIE GEGENKANDIDATEN. By LUDWIG FULDA. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta. 1924.

GEWALT. By ERNEST LISSAUER. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1924.

DAS LEBEN EDUARDS DES ZWEITEN VON ENGLAND. By BERTOLD BRECT. Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer. 1924.

Reviewed by A. W. C. RANDALL.

MOST drama is in one sense historical, but it is remarkable how many German plays there have been in the past six months or so which deserve the description in the stricter meaning of the word. The mere rendering of historical facts was probably not the first intention of the writer of any of the six above-mentioned most important examples, but in every case the result is a useful pendant to the history-book, an imaginative illumination of the bare events which, without this aid, would fade from the memories of most of us. Franz Werfel, for instance, has "fixed" for us the character of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and of the subordinate actors in that Hamlet-like tragedy, in a way that no prose-rendering of the facts could do. In this penetrating, moving study we seem to live through those days when the idealistic Emperor, under pressure of his advisers, countenanced the shooting of civil prisoners and thus gave the last most serious shock to the unsteady edifice of his rule. Cajoled, flattered, misled, and yet a man of whom, in the last resort, it could be said that his character was his fate, Maximilian finds himself inexorably confronted with the Mexican national will as incorporated in Juarez, a figure who, although never on the stage, is made familiar to us and becomes one of the protagonists of the drama. As everyone knows, the Emperor, being at length captured and condemned to death, finds even the intervention of Garibaldi with Juarez unavailing. The closing scenes are of remarkable pathos and beauty, particularly when the faithful medical attendant, Basch, offers Maximilian a drug, which the Emperor proudly refuses. This is a finely written historical tragedy.

In "Vincent" Herr Kasack, whose dramatic and poetical gifts deserve to be better known outside Germany than they apparently are, has taken the two months of Vincent Van Gogh's life at Arles with Gauguin —a peculiarly fit subject for dramatization, so intense a summary is it of a wayward and eccentric but indubitably great genius. The drama culminates with Vincent's departure for Paris. As he parts from his friend—his reason had already given way —he is made by the dramatist to give an inspired summary of his art:

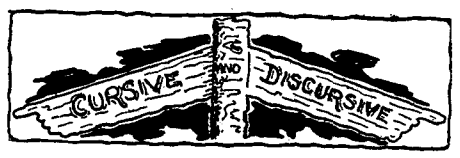
> But the great nurse Life will sing to me, when twilight falls across my eyes. The wind has brought such longing to me. Oh, she will sing me a lullaby. There the cypresses turn to dark green, the fields and the vineyards will light up, the corn will rustle, soft like the sea with its little sailing ships going up and down. Oh, the gardens of Arles. My yellow house is all forlorn. All the flowers, the sun-flowers, the yellow flowers . . . from women's hands. . . the yellow flowers sway like suns over the sea. A woman's face will be near me . . . . but in her eyes . . . . a world whence colour has gone. *He gives a cry.*

This, too, is an effective dramatization of a well-chosen episode.

From the point of view of conventional stage craft the next two dramatists, Arthur Schnitzler and Ludwig Fulda, are more practised hands, but their method suggests an older, more superficial generation of writers than either Herr Werfel or Herr Kasack. No one would mistake the author of the "Komëdie der Verführung" for anyone else but Schnitzler. The amorous intrigue of pre-war Vienna found in him its perfect dramatic historian. The series of intrigues and lighthearted seductions set forth in this play take place in July, 1914, and far away—very far away, but still to be heard amid the badinage, the passionate whispers—there is the boom of the guns. Here is a Vienna Europe will not see again. Ludwig Fulda's subject, on the other hand, is a Germany Europe is very much engaged in contemplating at the moment. He has written a comedy of electioneering in Republican Germany, where husband and wife get themselves, unknown to each other, nominated as rival candidates. Neither is inclined to take off the gloves in the way their respective party organizations desire, but ultimately they are stirred into bitter personalities, only to find that each has a scandal to use against the other. The vituperation Suse and her followers conduct against her husband results in his being assaulted by some violent members of their party. Wifely affection thereupon overcomes electioneering passion and the rival candidates retire. It is an entertaining if rather farcical sidelight on present-day German political conditions.

The last two plays are adaptations—Bertold Brecht's of Marlowe's play, with the sensation heightened, if possible, and the psychology modernized to fit the ideas of one of the foremost younger representatives of the Expressionist school of drama, Ernst Lissauer's of a well known episode in Prussian history, namely, the morganatic marriage of the Duke Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, Frederick the Great's general, with Anneliese Fëhse, an apothecary's daughter. So altered and compressed are the facts and the characterization, however, that Herr Lissauer, in accordance with the rules laid down by Lessing, has given all the historical figures new names. Thus the "old Dessauer" becomes the Herzog Ludwig Ernst and the comedy is mainly of the taming of his outrageous temper. It is not a very distinguished work, but its performance seems to have given pleasure to German audiences, who would be familiar, from their school days, with the romantic story on which it is based.

A most important undertaking has just been initiated with the publication of the first two volumes of "Correspondence Générale de J. J. Rousseau" (Paris: Colin), a definitive collection of the letters of Rousseau which is ultimately to fill twenty volumes. The edition was begun under the editorship of Theophile Dufour, head librarian of the public library of Geneva, and has been carried on since his death by P. P. Plan. M. Dufour bestowed upon the preparation of this edition an astounding amount of the most painstaking labor between 1864 when he began his investigations for it and his death in 1922. He made most exact and accurate studies of the letters stored in public libraries and private collections, got access to manuscripts everywhere, and followed up documents that passed through the auction rooms and commentaries upon Rousseau manuscripts.



By THE PHOENICIAN

FOR a long time we have secreted in our desk, not wilfully but because of the condition of our desk, a letter that now comes to light, a letter that passed between two prominent *littérateurs* in the fall of 1923 relative to the merits of a printer of remarkable quality, one *Shmuel bar Aiwass bie Yaqubh Murad de Shirabode* (Americanized to *Samuel A. Jacobs*). He is an Assyrian typographer who makes some very beautiful books. He set up *E. E. Cumming's* "Tulips and Chimneys" in his shop on Warren Street. The writer of the letter and he kept watches and sometimes at two o'clock would emerge with ink on their fingers into the moonlight and amble across City Hall Square to an all-night eating place. But now the letter:

"Flanked by the chauffeurs and nighthawks who patronize the place in the small hours, he would bring out his copy of *Hafiz* in the original and read it to me, translating as he went, to prove that Hafiz was the E. E. Cummings of his day. 'Hafiz is very much like Cummings,' he would explain, "and Lawrence is more like *Sadi*. Hafiz never used the same form for two poems, and he didn't use any of the conventional forms of the day. And you know'—here Jacobs grins, for he had quite a job working out all the problems raised by Cummings's unusual use of spaces, punctuation and lower case—'Hafiz,' he says, 'played the same pranks with Persian that Cummings does with English, for the same reason.' Then, while the taxi-drivers stared, this priceless printer would intone some immortal line by the bard of Shiraz—Jacobs's home town, as his name shows—and match it with a more comprehensible line from Cummings. 'There's something really creative,' he would say. And I agree with him." In *Aesthete* 1925 appears a flagrantly amusing little magazine, probably of brief life, whose first issue is addressed to the editors and critics of New York, and to sundry others. Its leading article is entitled "Little Moments with Great Critics" by *John Brooks Wheelwright*, in which percentages, compiled by a mysterious *Walter S. Hankel*, allot *Mencken* —28.8 per cent, *John Farrar*, one-half of one per cent, *William Lyon Phelps*, one per cent, and *Ernest Boyd*—5.61 per cent *Santayana*, *Paul Elmer More*, and *T. S. Eliot* come off best in this tabulation, illustrating the attitude of certain younger writers toward the older critics. Much of the polemic of this number is aimed at Ernest Boyd and Mencken, and said Walter S. Hankel is much in evidence as the new *Frank Harris*. As *Matthew Josephson* so wittily says of him, his editorial genius is unusually pronounced.

> As I look over the miserable, warted faces (*so like those in the subway!*) of all the other noted editors of the land, I am drenched with a vague revulsion.

No one but Matthew Josephson could possibly have achieved such delicate irony! His, like Hankel's, is a formidable intellect. We-el, I woudn't take that too seriously! Last November *George Sterling* wrote us saying that *Robinson Jeffers's* poem "Tamar" is "surely the most *terrible* poem in English. 'The Cenci' is nothing to it." We'd like to see that poem!—Jeffers (when there) lives down on Mission Point (near Carmel, California) in a beautiful stone house with a stone tower to it that he built himself, hauling the granite. Lewis Freman Mott's biography of *Sainte-Beuve* (he wrote a former biography of Ernest Renan) should prove an interesting volume. It is now available. *Anne Kimball Tuell* has written of "*Mrs. Meynell* and her Generation." Her volume is a critical study of the poet against her proper background. *W. E. Woodward* and *Sinclair Lewis* have planned a walking trip through Touraine. *Lincoln MacVeagh* announces a novel of which we have hopes. It is "Moon Harvest" by *Giuseppe Cautela*, a barber in the Pershing Square barbershop in this city. It is the romance of an Italian immigrant, written with turns of phrase possible only to an ingenious discoverer and prodigal user of the riches of a foreign tongue, and it posseses beauty and glamour. *Pascal D'Angelo's* "A Son of Italy" and *Louis Forgione's* "Reamer Lou" have preceded it, but it seems to us that Cautela's prose is quite superior in texture to either of these. Last Friday evening the *Pictorial Review* gave a dinner to *Mrs. Edward MacDowell*, the first recipient of the *Pictorial Review's* annual achievement award, in recognition of her work in establishing and maintaining at Peterborough, New Hampshire, a colony where creative artists can live at a nominal cost and work in a congenial environment. We cast our hat into the air when we heard of the award, as we cannot possibly praise Mrs. Mac Dowell's achievement too highly.

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Announcement

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On February 27, *Mr. Minnigerode's* second biographical work—LIVES AND TIMES—will be published. It includes biographies of four prominent figures out of the early history of our nation. They are *Theodosia Burr,* the remarkable daughter of *Aaron Burr; William Eaton,* hero; *Stephen Jumel,* Merchant; and *Edmond Charles Genêt,* citizen. In these portraits, Mr. *Minnigerode* has drawn not only the character under treatment but has painted in the background as well. Under the magic of his pen, the friends of these people, their ways of living, their houses and their entertainments all appear vividly and with a real sense of life. LIVES AND TIMES, like THE FABULOUS FORTIES, is an admirable and priceless contribution to Americana. $3.50.

It is a long jump from *Edmond Charles Genêt* and his times to *Edward, Prince of Wales,* with his love of all that is modern and democratic. The second book on the list is called A KING IN THE MAKING, and is written by *Genevieve Parkhurst,* who secured the material for this biography from intimate and authentic sources. Not the least fascinating part of the story are the pictures, many of them appearing here for the first time. In the pages of this biography appear the figures of *Victoria,* of *Edward VII* and many other famous figures of the past. $2.50.

Two books dealing with the life and the letters of *Mary Putnam Jacobi* give a vivid picture of this leader in the fight for the admission of women into the professions of men. As a young girl she was the first woman student at the École Medicin in Paris and drove the wedge which later brought many women students of medicine. Later she came to America where she married a famous physician and spent the remainder of her life working in hospital clinics and among the poor of the slums. She was one of the great women of the past century and a leader in the movement for the advance of women. The books are THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MARY PUTNAM JACOBI, edited by *Ruth Putnam,* and MARY PUTNAM JACOBI, A PATHFINDER IN MEDICINE, each $3.50. The first is largely in the nature of a biography and the second a collection of her professional letters and contributions to the world of medicine.

THE COPY SHOP, by *Edward Hungerford,* is the novel of the week. It is a fine human story, touched by humor, of a boy who sets out to conquer a great city and a great profession. In the end he finds a girl who is more to him than either the city or the profession. $2.00.

On the first of March the House of Putnam will publish one of the most beautiful and interesting books of the past ten years. It is WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL, the memories of *Emil Fuchs,* court sculptor, bon vivant, and artist.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ARCHITECTURAL AND STRUCTURAL THEORY AND PRACTICE. By LEON V. SOLON. New York: Architectural Record. 1924.

The modern architect is daring indeed who attempts to use color as an important element in his designs. It is largely the case of the burned child, either in person or by example, for few recent attempts have resulted in anything but grotesque failure. Mr. Solon endeavors to point out a possible avenue of escape by an analysis of the Greek methods of polychromy, architectural and sculptural, and a demonstration of the evolution, in their case, of a definite schematic use of color as a means of decorative emphasis of structural form. By this system confusion of formal values by an injudicious and haphazard usage was avoided, since it was based on a full realization of the difference between the potentialities of color as a means of modifying formal effect and as a means of emotional stimulus.

The discussion is interesting and well considered but contains some curious statements such as: "White is the result of the maximum capacity for light absorption, black the maximum capacity for reflection" which may be due to careless proofreading but are nevertheless somewhat disturbing.

Besides much illuminating information the book offers excellent illustrations and a good reference appendix all of which should be of benefit to architects and sculptors interested in polychromatic problems.

THE NATURE, PRACTISE, AND HISTORY OF ART. By H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE. Scribners. 1924. $2.50.

In two respects Mr. Magonigle's book is formidable. It is the heaviest book for its very ordinary size we have ever held in hand. And by its title it certainly assumes to cover, as they say in the vernacular, an awful lot of territory. After any kind of examination, brief or exhaustive, it ceases to awe, but does somewhat appall.

The fact that it is written to help "the young men and women in high school and college" who are "growing up in virtual ignorance of art as art, as a source of pleasure, as an influence upon life, or as an expression of life"—with a side glance at "the laity at large"—is no good reason why it should be quite so plantigrade and uninspired as it is. It might be argued that if the young Nordics of our schools and colleges are to be wooed away from the pleasures of the joy ride and the petting party, and if our good Rotarians and Kiwanians are to be seduced from the bridge table and the head-set, to understand art as all the things that Mr. Magonigle says it is, the epistle directed to them should have enough life and rhythm and tingle to furnish a counter-attraction. It is, goodness knows, a most difficult thing to take the chronology, the classifications, the factual skeleton of art, and make a buoyant, exciting book of them; yet if one does not do that, why, Reinach's Apollo and other matter-of-fact histories of art being available, do anything?

Mr. Magonigle is, if not an original, yet certainly a considerable artist in his own art—architecture; but he is not a writer, he is not modern, and he has no convictions. You can dip into any paragraph in this book and pull out a sentence which is the very essence of the commonplace in expression and of the usual, accepted, oft-repeated in judgment. Everything that conservative historians of art have said, is said over; the judgment on every nation, period, school, and individual artist is absolutely cut to the academic pattern. Mr. Magonigle starts with the cavemen, and ends with Babbitt. He takes pains to assure his readers that the true artist is just an ordinary workman or business man; that any artist who differs from the plain *homo sapiens* is a tenth-rate *poseur.* And, accepting the Impressionists because the academicians have now accepted them (as a defence against the Post-Impressionists) he carefully side-steps the slightest recognition of anything that has been salient in art since Cézanne. His is thirty years behind the time, by the American calendar—fifty by the French. Of all his faults, the one that shows him in the worst light is that the only reference he makes to El Greco is a sneer. His one original thought is that the Greeks made use of broken color on their sculptured and architectural works. This is a real contribution to thought. Otherwise the book, while quite useful as a history of the bare facts of art, is negligible.

Belles Lettres

LITERARY VESPERS. By W. H. BURRILL. First Series. ALTARS OF ASPIRATION. Duffield. 1924. $2.

The literary approach to philosophy makes a very effective sugar coating for a fare which seems to many very flat and unpalatable. People conscious of their need for an attitude toward life have always got it from such poets and fictionists as suited their wants. Professor Burrill brings to the public such a dish, intended for those not in the habit of consciously deriving their philosophic materials from literary sources. In short, "Literary Vespers" is the religious brand of philosophic idealism reduced to terms of Robert W. Service, Edgar Guest and H. G. Wells. Instead of being called upon to follow the mazes of the thought of Josiah Royce, we learn (for instance) of the power of an ideal by reading parts of Rostand's "Chanticleer." Although this may seem too sugary to one used to grappling with such problems, it has undoubtedly been a successful means of feeding those minds whose owners come Sunday after Sunday to the Town Hall to receive the manna from Dr. Burrill's lips.

Unfortunately these essays were intended to be heard rather than read. The semi-lyrical style, undoubtedly effective in oratory, seems confusing and out of place in print. Underdeveloped places in the argument appear in the unsympathetic type, which were probably filled out, or at least glossed over, by their interpretation by the speaker. Thus the works lose a great deal of their effectiveness and value in the transfer from one medium to another. It seems rather too bad that this loss of effect, and the popular nature of the work will almost inevitably keep it out of the lists of philosophic and literary controversy. Its almost Pollyannalike faith in the ideal, and cheerfulness concerning the future, should present an exciting spectacle in combat with prevailing disillusionment and pessimism.

FORUM PAPERS. Edited by BENJAMIN A. HEYDRICK. Duffield. 1924. $2.

There is gathered into this volume, as a text for college classes in composition, a noteworthy group of essays on various phases of contemporary civilization. With a mind to his prospective readers, the editor has chosen a number of papers on literature: "The Fifteen Finest Novels," by William Lyon Phelps—who interrupts his criticism for such *obiter dicta* as "Tolstoy's practical propositions, such as abolishing law-courts, police, and private property, are insane"; Edward Eggleston's more informal thoughts on "Books That Have Helped Me," from Webster's Elementary through the theological novels, until Thomas à Kempis was discarded for Darwin; Brander Matthews's pleasant gossip "On Pleasing the Taste of the Public," and more precise attempts at formularization, such as "What Is a Novel?" and "A Definition of the Fine Arts."

Another field close to the destined reader is the academic: "The Paradox of Oxford" is a survey of the manner in which the university combines a well-preserved mediæval atmosphere with a modern alertness and accomplishment; "The Ethics of Ancient and Modern Athletics" points to many examples of unfair play taken as natural in the classics, and suggests that his training in sports makes the modern Englishman, if he be "a beast," at any rate "a just beast." More general themes are presented in Santayana's defence of "Young Radicals in America," in President-Emeritus Eliot's analysis of the limitations of popular education, and an attack on immigration written some thirty years ago by the Superintendent of the Tenth U. S. Census. Despite an occasional fault the papers—all frankly personal and at times even partisan—are well written, thoughtful, and provocative of thought—an element of college life that cannot be overstimulated.

(*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS OF GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 1875-1923. Vol. IV. Dutton. $4.25.

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PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM. By *I. A. Richards.* Harcourt, Brace.

AFTERGLOW. By *Mitchell S. Buck.* Nicholas L. Brown.

Biography

TWELVE YEARS AT THE IMPERIAL GERMAN COURT. By COUNT ROBERT ZEDLITZ-TRUTZSCHLER. Doran. 1924.

It is difficult to believe that the mismanaged Germany of Count Zedlitz-Trützschler's book became overnight the Germany of the Great War. Efficiency does not breed on the pomp and ceremony which we might easily take to have been the chief interests of the German Court and Army during the years from 1898 to 1910. If all was vanity and illusion, what a prodigious and *übermenschlich* oiling and adjustment of cogs must have been required to transmute the experimental apparatus of that latter year into the machine of 1914! It is impossible. The Count underrates. And yet, in his way, he underrates only by a constant implication distinctly an outgrowth of his dissatisfaction with the Kaiser. If something in William II is rotten, the whole German apple is rotten; and the author's extreme jealousy for the development and future of his Fatherland is too manifest for him to swallow, with inward equanimity at any rate, the bitter doses of misrule, poor judgment, and wretched diplomacy administered by the late War Lord.

Count Zedlitz-Trützschler was appointed in 1903 Comptroller of the Household of the Emperor. His notes, presumably little altered, and adequately translated by Alfred Kalisch, give the impressions of the moment. It is always the Kaiser, brilliant personality, imposing figure, uncompromising, exacting, paradoxical. "We are all the Emperor's victims: he is our cross," said Herr von Tschurschky one day to the author. Random observations of his own are as damning. "The Emperor answered, very roughly and sharply: 'What anything that I want costs, is a matter of supreme indifference'" (in regard to his fleet of automobiles) . . . "Anyone who three months ago heard nearly every day that Count Zeppelin was the biggest fool in Germany, and is now told that he is the greatest German of the century, is prepared for any kind of change:" . . . "He (the Emperor) has the gift of just absorbing enough of the superficial aspects of such a theory to enable him to talk about it as if he had been a professor of astronomy, who had worked for years and years in an observatory" . . . "The Emperor never penetrates the essentials of anything, and this shallowness explains why he so often goes off the rails" . . . "This nonsense alone (relating to Count von Bülow, Imperial Chancellor) shows how little the Emperor knows of the world" . . . The interest of the volume is continually changing; each event is particular grist for a pessimistic mill; the finger of warning is lifted at the horse-play of the Kaiser, pinching some royal ear, or holding Col. von B. for a long time in the snow, or because he is getting "into the habit of doing no real work." It is sincere, a book of disillusion, simple, fascinating, perhaps the most honest in the literature of a man who defeated himself.

THOSE EUROPEANS. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Putnam. 1924. $2.50.

In this biographical corral of Europeans the author utters all the known platitudes about Ramsay MacDonald and spices it with a little imagery, such as "England knew she needed a new man." Clemenceau is adequately sketched and his chapter stands out the best in the book. President Masaryk as the heart and soul of Czecho-Slovakia is a picture of culture and efficiency. Anyone who knows anything about his sturdy republic knows that Masaryk is its backbone; those not so fortunate do not care. With less unoriginality but with the same obtuseness ex-President Millerand is disposed of. The reader will be obligated to the author for the knowledge that M. Millerand used to play dominoes with Marshal Foch; beyond that he says nothing that is not most widely known.

Of the many other character sketches which figure in the book—ranging from Anatole France to the Pope—nothing pronouncedly favorable can be said; therefore it had better be left unsaid. The author's method is good. He supplies political settings for his characters and does not fall into the error of placing them on the slippery tops of uncomfortable pedestals. He is indisputably a master of European politics, yet execution of his method has been poor. Too much has been accomplished in too short a space; the result is unsatisfying. The style is journalistic, but with distinct literary pretensions which are, however, marred by carelessness, as, for example, when the author refers to "father" succeeding "son" in "governmental affairs."

CHODERLOS DE LACLOS: DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES. Translated by *Richard Aldington.* Dutton. $5.

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RICHARD PRICE. By *Roland Thomas.* Oxford. $1.70.

THE COMMONSENSE OF MONEY AND INVESTMENTS. By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER. Simon & Schuster. 1924. $1.50.

Our financial literature contains numerous volumes that deal with different phases of investment problems but very few designed for the average person just entering the investment field. Mr. Rukeyser, who has been a financial editor for several years, has studied carefully the 30,000 inquiries that have come to his attention as an editor and now writes a book with these in mind. Thousands of persons who had never invested a dollar before the war were brought permanently into the investor class by the Liberty loan campaigns. To them the new book will give a valuable introduction to a field that heretofore had been little understood.

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BOND SALESMANSHIP. By *William W. Townsend.* Holt. $4.50.

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REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PLAYS. Edited by *Arthur Hobson Quinn.* Century. $4 net.

THE BRIGHT ISLAND. By *Arnold Bennett.* Doran. $1.50 net.

Fiction

THE WOLVES AND THE LAMB. By J. S. Fletcher. Knopf. 1925. $2.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher must typewrite *à pas gymnastique.* Twice a year, roughly, his publishers present his public with detective stories in uniform binding; and his public is never disappointed. For despite the rapidity with which his novels are turned out, they always stand near the top shelf of detective fiction. They are always plausible and absorbing; they are written clearly and forcefully; and their characters, unlike those in most detective stories, do not remind one of people in morality plays who stand for Hate, Greed, or Innocence.

The latest of Mr. Fletcher's books, "The Wolves and the Lamb," is, if not conspicuously superior to those that have gone before it, up to the average in both entertainment and workmanship. To be sure, it lacks high points and a series of thrills; but

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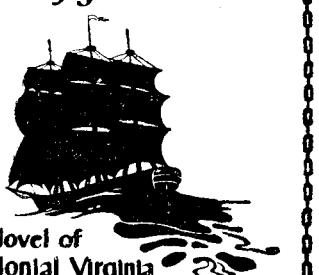

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for the reviewer at least, it has the charm of being centered about a young man with a large fortune, and of having most of its scenes in banks, first-class hotels, Bond Street, and the West End of London. The tale is concerned with the efforts of an unscrupulous man and woman to acquire the fortune of a quite human and likeable youngster of twenty-one named Richard Shrewsbury. The man becomes his trusted business adviser, the woman his fiancée. Fortunately, however, the two are matched by an honest explorer with Richard's real interests at heart, and a girl who is in love with him. Matters move logically until the very end when two murders, coming too late to provide thrills, complicate and then straighten out the situation. This dénouement of "The Wolves and the Lamb" is not quite the equal of Mr. Fletcher's usual last chapters, but it serves its purpose of bringing the story to a generally effective conclusion.

MISS PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By CONCORDIA MERREL. Seltzer. 1924. $2.

This is a better than average woman's novel of a young girl's life, written by a woman but more free from cloying sweetness than the books of most women novelists. Miss Merrel writes easily, and she is adept in conversation, giving the reader more than a semblance of reality; but her work fails of anything like greatness for the precise reason that the writings of women rarely top the peak: the mechanics of making the book show through plainly, there is not a rich enough background nor a sufficient depth in characterization, and the real issues of life are skilfully avoided. It takes knowledge of life, and courage, to write great books: and most women are protected from knowledge even where they are possessed of courage.

Hetty Carol, at seventeen, has thrust upon her the burdens of the household, where she has ruled her father and little sister since the mother's death. The coming of a stepmother, large and florid and with a horrible good humor, whom the father has married out of a tavern, makes it quite impossible for her to stay at home, and she departs for London. Jobs for inexperienced girls are apparently of one nature only, and it takes her some time to discover that London has no need of her. She takes to writing for a woman's magazine and makes a success of it. Her further adventures are timid love affairs and a final acceptance of one to whom she had been blind from the first. All this is told in a series of lively conversations interspersed with feminine philosophy of the introspective sort.

THE PRINCESS AND THE CLOWNS. By JEAN JOE FRAPPA. Translated by Marie Louise Swinburne. Duffield. 1924. $1.50.

Despite a somewhat misleading title, this is a book for the entirely grown-up. Kings and mountebanks, nobility and bourgeoisie (with some question in each case as to which are which) revolve about a bewildered little Princess in the development of a double thesis: first, that to the fit belongs the right to rule; and, second, that a paternalistic monarchy is the people's best chance for true democracy.—Of course, first catch your monarch!

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He has caught him, indeed, very surprisingly, on the stage of a Paris music-hall. And he has caught him with the bait of a lovely little Russian Highness who is disturbed when she goes afoot, because the French police do not halt the traffic. Yes, a rather arrogant little Princess, thoroughly imbued with inherited prejudices of caste; but an impulsive and lovable little Princess, too. Just the sort of delicate creature an inspired mountebank would die for—or occupy a perilous throne.

For once, one may justifiably quote from the "blurb"—"gay satire" it is, this story; the light touch; no bitterness. The author's keen eyes twinkle, entirely free from illusions even about adorable heroines and amazing supermen; he pulls a serious face that his nonsense may take you unawares; he has no reverence for persons, and will equally soon poke fun at a Grand Duchess's knees or a Bolshevik's income; but his tongue is never in his cheek. Life has shown him its little shams; but it has not soured in him.

The style is simple, unaffected, ingenuous, as suits a fairy-story; but make no mistake! It is style. (Credit here to the translator, also.) The tale is jolly, romantic, full of neat surprises. It suffers toward the end, perhaps, from a too insisitent reiteration of the thesis; but that is easily forgiven and forgotten in the rich bubbling laughter provoked by its utterly delicious valedictory.

THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS. By CLAUDE C. WASHBURN. A. & C. Boni. 1924. $2.50.

This novel and its several parts derive their titles from the movements of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade"; garbled, however, and out of their order, nor does the tale fit the great golden structure of the symphonic poem. This is an honest, thoughtful, wordy, biography, carrying Conrad Brooke from the 1902 Harvard Class Day, via the proceeds of a successful novel, to a permanent residence in Italy, love, marriage, mild disenchantment, the War, further disillusionment, another love, renunciation, resignation. If the writing throughout gave the sharp sense of reality which it does in the episode of young love and courtship, its excellent picture of Florence and Florentine-American life would not be its major achievement; too often a resort to stating conclusions instead of furnishing data makes characters or steps in the narrative appear artificial. And where, as here, action is infrequent, conviction is essential.

A history intelligently conceived, and by no beginner, its style is yet calculated occasionally to irritate its proper class of readers. Be at once sophisticated and conscientiously explanatory and you become merely condescending. Point the clever remark you put into one character's mouth, by putting applause into another's and you invite critical scrutiny of the conceit in its nakedness. And one Firbank, by general consent, holds exclusive rights in the multiple exclamation point. *Habet!*

ONE HOUR—AND FOREVER. By T. EVERETT HARRÉ. Macaulay. 1925. $2.

"Remarkable!" is the somewhat ambiguous comment upon a previous book by the author of this, by no less a personage than David Starr Jordan. "Remarkable" is quite inadequate as to this new one; it attains the rank of a literary curiosity, for it is, curiously, an example of some of the worst things common in current American writing in odd juxtaposition with some of the best. It is first of all an honest book: much of its emotion, in its passionate "high spots," is real, and much of its insight and understanding of human complexity are extraordinarily keen and accurate. But it is written, for the most part in a wildly absurd jargon, high flying, misfit adjectival monstrosities, tangled sentences so blown up and gassy that trying to read them leaves one with a feeling of indigestion. "High rock-gashed gorges where the first arbutus peaked its starry-pinken blossoms." The hero beside the inevitable "chiseled beauty" of the Greek statue, has "hair of an eerie moon-silvery silkiness." "Solemnical" gatherings are held in the parlor. And so on. Moreover, after the genuinely moving middle section of the tale it piffles out into stock melodramatic scenario stuff.

Yet the portrayal of the unfortunate girl in her relations to her acridly pious mother and her vicious, tragic elder sister, and also to her small town environment with its gossiping malice and nastiness, is finely understood, and through these passages even the author's manner becomes sane, often attaining a genuine realism and even a tragic dignity—when he forgets the idea of "fine writing." Here the situation itself seems to have overcome the writer's weakness and managed, somehow, to get itself stated in spite of him.

The book purports to be a "novelization of a story taken from real life," and much of it—up to the stagey conclusion—does suggest just that. It is the life history of a girl who has a voice and a "temperament," but who grows up in a hard, pietistic family, of which she is the odd member. Her mueh older sister is a dessicated spinster, a victim of "ingrowing virginity"—and there is only too much accuracy in the analyses of that unfortunate condition. Of course the lover appears, and disappears, and the girl is hounded out of town with her baby. Thereafter it is the story of her slow progress toward success as a prima donna: about half of it pure screen stuff, but with an odd underlying suggestion of realities.

TUMBLEBERRY AND CHICK. By *William J. Hopkins*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

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Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL FOR 1924. Edited by THOMAS I. MASSON. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $2.

Mr. Masson's "Annuals," for 1924 or any other year, bring to mind a familiar scene. It is, perhaps, the palm room of a large hotel where a party is under way. In the shadow of the most prominent plant stands a youngish couple. The lady remarks, with an enthralled glance in the direction of a gentleman who appears the obvious centre of attraction, "Who *is* that fascinating stranger?" And the answer (in this case, of course): "Somebody who has just read 'Tom Masson's Annual.'" By and large, that is about the size of it. The "Annual" for 1924 offers a compost of the "best" of the year in the field of jokes, epigrams, amusing short stories, parodies, verses, jingles, drawings from the pages of *Life*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and such. A book to be swallowed in small doses; to be taken down on a rainy day, like Lewis Carroll or the bound volumes of *Punch*.

Among the relatively longer pieces of prose one makes satisfying discoveries: George Ade, Stephen Leacock, Will Rogers, Robert Benchley, Sam Hellman, Ring Lardner, Christopher Ward, Harry Leon Wilson, the best chapter from Donald Ogden Stewart's "Perfect Behavior," and a most delightful story by Richard Connell, called "The Heart of a Sloganeer." There is some rubbish. The verse is mostly poor and often cheap. A good percentage of the jokes sound rather stupid. The majority, however, will survive, and be laughed at another year. Altogether, Mr. Masson from wide sources has assembled over three hundred and fifty pages of variety. There must be something for almost everyone in that.

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES. By VICTOR N. VALGREN. University of Chicago Press. 1924. $1.90.

In this book Mr. Valgren, who is at present in charge of the Division of Agricultural Finance, a department of the United States Department of Agriculture, has rendered a service to farmers, insurance officials, and legislators alike. His exhaustive study of mutual fire insurance for farmers of this country offers constructive suggestions for a state law to govern the organization and operation of the necessary insurance companies. A model system of records and organization and management plans, as well as a suggested state law for those states which have not yet passed such legislation are also given. Mr. Valgren's book solves the problem of applying the best means for minimizing the burden of fire loss among farmers.

THE SALT WATER ANGLER. By LEONARD HULIT. Appleton. 1924. $3.50.

This volume throws light upon many of the problems puzzling event to the most expert salt water angler. Well written, clear, its chapters, thirty-two in number, have the flow of a good style, and are very readable. In purpose the volume is directed to that army of fishermen who are these days finding that there is a charm and interest in the technique of "surf fishing" that is all its own. Some tang of the ocean itself gets into the blood of the ardent deep-sea angler. For such a one this treatise is designed.

But not only is the book written to interest. Its primary purpose is to assist the fisherman in getting better results in a sport that calls for vigor of body while aiding to relax and clarify the mind.

The book contains a biography of each species of fish angled for along the Atlantic seaboard, illustrated by authoritative plates from the United States Bureau of Fisheries. There is included in the contents a complete list of tackle and equipment necessary for taking various kinds of fish. Special attention is given to bait, and an interesting chapter deals with fish that insist on getting on the hook, when the fisherman wants some other species.

COSTUME AND FASHION. By HERBERT NORRIS. Dutton. 1925. $10.

This book is the outgrowth of chronological notes and sketches on costume and accessories used in the supervision of costumes for historical plays, pageants, and films, and the basis of a course of lectures on costume. It is designed to be useful to students of the literature and history of European nations, and particularly of costume; artists who paint historical pictures; producers and actors in historical and Shakespearian plays and films, and teachers of history. It should prove of great value.

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of art, but as a clear, detailed model of dress and accessories. Diagrams show the actual cut of the garments. Necessary historical data is compendiously arranged. Reference for the student is in every way facilitated. "Much of the information," says Mr. Norris in his Foreword, "has been published before, and is available elsewhere, in fragmentary form, to anyone who has the industry and the time to pursue the details in a hundred books (in half a dozen languages) and a thousand illuminated MSS., pictures, statues, mosaics, and frescoes scattered throughout Europe." He has performed an excellent service in his compilation and arrangement of such material. The book is a solid reference book and hand-book.

The costume of Republican and Imperial Rome is treated with particular thoroughness, and the chapter on Byzantine costume is, to the author's knowledge, "the first work on the subject in English." The seven chapters deal, first with Man from earliest times to 78 A.D., next with classic Greece and Rome, with the Byzantine Empire, with the history of silk from the earliest times to A.D. 1600, with the Britons of the Dark Ages, the Franks, and the Teutonic tribes of Germania, and finally with the Anglo-Saxons, A.D. 700-1066.

You can go to the book for information concerning the dress of a Celtic chieftain, the outfit of a Roman general, the costume of Byzantium, the panoply of Viking chiefs, what the Emperor Charlemagne wore, or what the Empress Cunigonda. The book is admirable in its practical detail.

ADVENTURES WITH ROD AND HARPOON ALONG THE FLORIDA KEYS. By *Wendell Endicott.* Stokes. $4 net.

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS. By *W. Dustin White.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

DIABETIC DIET. By *A. Doris McHenry* and *Marjorie M. Cooper.* Harpers. $2.

THE DEGENERATIVE DISEASES. By *Llewellys F. Barker* and *Thomas P. Sprunt.* Harpers.

Poetry

COLUMN POETS. Edited with an Introduction by KEITH PRESTON. Chicago: Covici. 1924.

Keith Preston, that delightful columnist of the *Chicago Daily News's* book section, has here gathered together songs, lyrics and sonnets grave and gay by various contributors to the columns of the *Chicago Daily News,* the *Chicago Evening Post,* and so on. It is entirely a Chicago volume. There "The King of the Black Isles," "Mescal Ike," Vinpenny, Riq, Friar Tuck, Cathal of the Songs and others are known by their real names and their verses are familiar to the readers of newspapers. The small volume is full of diversion and occasional flashes of beauty. Column poets, it proves, are in many cases cleverer, and in some cases more truly poets, than a mort of versifiers in the magazines. We are glad to see them raised to this bad eminence, and we wish than an Eastern anthology might be brought out to challenge this volume.

JUPITER'S MOONS. By GERTRUDE NASON CARVER. Philadelphia: Dorrance. 1924.

Miss Carver has some original ideas and her execution is at times quite effective. The general impression left by her book of poems, however, is of mediocrity. Occasionally a line, a phrase, a quirk of free verse or a cadence in rhymed verse arrests one's attention, but in general her power over language is not the obstreperous power of a major poet. Her mind is bright and clever rather than truly imaginative, her technique too often derivative or indistinguishable from the manner of many minor poets of the day.

THE IRON STRING. By ALBERT W. DRAVES. Philadelphia: Dorrance. 1924.

This is extremely poor verse. For proof we recommend any reader merely to the almost unbelievable travesty of Jean Richepin's song on pages 17 and 18. Read this terrific doggerel and then seek Herbert Trench's poem on the same theme, and you will be able to measure the distance between the best and the worst.

A HALF CENTURY OF SONNETS. By GUSTAVE DAVIDSON. Nicholas Brown. 1924.

Davidson is a sonetteer in the Rossetti tradition. He writes "memorials to one dead deathless hour." He handles the sonnet form with ease and often achieves a murmurous beauty of line without ever sparing into truly great verse. This half century of sonnets traces the course of true love in one instance, but vibrates with echoes of what other and greater poets have had to say upon the theme. There is very little striking imagery, little memorable phrase. We hope for greater originality in Mr. Davidson's "Thirst of the Antelope," a book of lyrics announced for publication and now in preparation.

THE FAR HARBOUR. By CHARLES NORMAN. New York: Blue Faun. 1924. $1.

This attractive pamphlet of poetical sea narrative comes from The Blue Faun Bookshop conducted by Bernard Guilbert Guerney at 29 Lexington Avenue near 23rd Street, where books old and new are bought, sold and exchanged. We wish we could discover that Mr. Guerney, a specializer in books worthwhile, had discovered a major poet. But, instead of a Masefield, here is a Mr. Charles Norman who owes much to Masefield in his verse. He also is a sailor who has sailed, but he does not give us another "Dauber" in the description of the Stella Dore and her crew and passage. He manages his verse not ineptly, but the net result is only so-so. His poem is somewhat vivified merely by his sincere love of the sea.

SONNETS. By M. C. S. Pasadena: Upton Sinclair. 1924.

These sonnets by Mrs. Upton Sinclair are prefaced with a sympathetic and understanding note by her husband. The sonnets possess spontaneity, passion, and an occasional grim humor. But the deep irony that Upton Sinclair avers is to be found in "Suffrage" and "Challenge" would not be apparent were we not forewarned. "M. C. S." 's handling of the sonnet form is not particularly distinguished—but then, by her own affirmation in "Finis," she cares nothing for the arts. She wants "red life"—which, after all, few escape, though the color is not necessarily red; but "red" sounds more dramatic. In this same sonnet, however, "biscuits in the young impulse of bread" is an excellently humorous phrase. M. C. S. seems to us at her best in the sardonic. "Upon the Winds of Spring: 1919" is her most moving sonnet. Her social conscience tortures her throughout; she would like a sonnet to be a bullet against the outrages wrought in the world. Such bitterness and such defiance are aspects of a genuine love for humanity. But there is no certainty of poetic promise here.

NANTUCKET WINDOWS. By EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK. Nantucket: The Little Book House. 1924. $1.60.

A summer resident of Nantucket whose stories have appeared in the best-known magazines and who has previously published several volumes of verse and a novel, here gives us unstudied pictures of the old coast town so dear to many Americans. The versification is fair to middling, the observation of natural things and the feeling for the charm of the old town and adjacent countryside are pleasant and vivid. To Nantucketers the book will be a welcome souvenir of happy days. To the reader of much contemporary poetry the book must remain of only average merit.

POEMS FOR THE NEW AGE. By SUMON FELSHIN. Seltzer. 1924.

These are the poems of a young man, all in free verse and mainly rhetoric. There is enthusiasm for revolutionary Russia, longing for the embraces of girls, delight in Versailles and Venice, an unintermittent *cri du coeur,* and an occasional flash of beauty or striking exclamation. The desire is for personal revelation, and the poems are sincere, but there is nothing here of great value. The writer has not achieved a style of his own, and his views on life are more than twice-told tales.

TWO VAGABONDS IN THE BALKANS. By *Jan* and *Cora Gordon.* McBride.

ADVENTURES IN PERU. By *C. H. Prodgers.* Dutton. $4.

IN AN UNKNOWN LAND. By *Thomas Gann.* Scribners. $5.

CAP'N COOK'S VOYAGES. By *A. Kippis.* Knopf.

THE ROAD TO PARIS. By *Michael Monahan.* Nicholas L. Brown. $4.

ALONG THE PYRENEES. By *Paul Wilstach.* Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

Religion

LIBERALIZING LIBERAL JUDAISM. By JAMES WATERMAN WISE. Macmillan. 1924. $1.50.

The embattled liberal is rather an incongruous figure. For the moment reason becomes emotionalized, moderation takes flight, and suavity, unless ingrained, gives

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

place to brusqueness. These lapses are bound to affect the attitude of the liberal who, like James Waterman Wise, writes "At Liberal Jews."

"Liberalizing Liberal Judaism" is the work of a man who, frightened by his own audacity, hurls his arguments with more force than convincingness requires. Carried away by a propagandist zeal, he continues to belabor his opponents long after they had succumbed and then proceeds to set up puppets for want of real combatants. Liberal Jews, as individuals, are adapting Judaism to modern conditions, and though they do not relax their religious loyalties, their attitude towards intermarriage and Jesus are as "liberal" as Mr. Wise would have them. Liberal Jews will deny him the distinction of a "voice crying in the wilderness." They will accord him condign praise for having stated the problem vigorously and fearlessly. His formulation of the equations is, however, too hectic and incoherent to aid in the solution. The evangelist in Mr. Wise has overwhelmed the logician.

SERMONS FOR THE TIMES. Edited by REV. PETER WALKER. Revell. 1924. $1.50.

The title of this book is a misnomer. Some of the sermons, including the first, would be more aptly described as for the 17th century when educated men still believed that the world cannot be moved because it rests on an unshakable foundation. On the other hand, a few of these sermons are of high excellence and worthy of a better setting. Necessity makes strange bed fellows but we wonder what was the urgency under which the editor and publisher worked to cause them to assemble such a potpourri of divergent interpretations of the meaning and message of religion. Fundamentalists and modernists have their respective parts to play but they can scarcely be brought together in intimate converse even though they are on their good behaviour as they are in this volume since none of the sermons is controversial.

The discerning reader will suspect that some of the preachers were chosen because of their ecclesiastical position rather than their literary skill or capacity for thought. What waste of good ink and paper to perpetuate such an anæmic idea as the following: "David the great soul! Somehow we love David more because he was so human. We love Peter the same way." One of the sermons has appeared in another much advertised volume. The preacher must have been highly pleased with this sample of his work. Surely the editor would not have accepted second-hand material had he known what he was about.

Travel

UGANDA TO THE CAPE. By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $4.

For many years Mr. Carpenter has been a-journeying. He has seen strange things in strange lands, and set them down, side by side with statistics and sturdy facts. He has girdled the globe in a fashion Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville might not scorn.

And now he has come to South Africa, that dark and acrid-smelling land of sharp-cleft mountains and sparse-grassed plains. He is the best of authors for arm-chair travelers, who like a brisk fire and a big book with bold print. He prattles pleasantly of facts and dates, he finds romance by the simple process of not looking for it. Besides Mr. H. M. Tomlinson he may seem dry, against Martin Johnson and his animals, his adventures surely seem as nought. But for all that, Mr. Carpenter has a canny facility of taking his auditors along with him. He can almost convince you that you are in his company on a smutty little steamer breasting the swells of Lake Victoria; and certainly you can feel soaking wet with the spray of Zambesi waterfalls through merely skimming a certain chapter.

It is magic sure enough, and not an easy sort of necromancy to trace. He uses no fine phrases, his descriptions have neither glow of color or turn of line. Yet Zanzibar and Mozambique, that are mere names on a multi-colored map to most of us, rise out of his pages, sure and solid. He gives, it may be, merely the sheen and surface of things, but it is quite sufficient. Anyone's imagination will conjure up the rest.

The wonder of it is that by setting down scenes and cities in such a workaday fashion he can make his readers see eye to eye with him. Africa springs out of his pages as something stirring and splendid; a huge canvas daubed with strong colors.

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A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

DEATH IN VENICE. By *Thomas Mann.* (Knopf.)

MRS. MEYRELL AND HER LITERARY GENERATION. By *Crane Kimball Tuell.* (Dutton.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHARACTER. By *Edgar Pierce.* (Harvard University Press.)

A. X. K., Ashland, Wis., looks for books with illustrations and descriptions of old ships, includiing the Spanish galleons, but must forego the very expensive ones.

"SHIPS OF THE SEVEN SEAS," by Hawthorne Daniel (Doubleday, Page), has 108 drawings and many pages of descriptive narrative—the history of ships, from the time of the river barges of the Nile to ocean greyhound days; methods of rigging, types of craft. A little more money—not much considering what a book it is!—gives you "Iron Men and Wooden Ships," that book of chanties edited by Frank Shay, with pictures by Edward A. Wilson, gorgeous wood blocks of sailormen and their sweethearts and their ships also (Doubleday, Page). But with it be sure to get "Roll and Go!" by Joanna Colcord (Bobbs-Merrill), for this has the music of the chanties as well, and more of them than I have so far found in a single collection, and I have had this for a personal hobby for a long while. Why, it even has the ballad, "Bound Away in the Dreadnaught," that I thought could be had only by going down to the Seamen's Institute on West Street and asking for the Cap'n, whose specialty it is to sing it; and well he does it, too, in a round open-air voice.

Another fine book about the history of ships is "Ships and Ways of Other Days," by E. Keble Chatterton (Lippincott). This tells of sailorcraft to the time of the reign of steam power; it has 130 illustrations and 10 diagrams and is not one of the very high-priced books. There is, for the oldest ships, "Sea Power in Ancient History," by Arthur MacC. Shepard (Little, Brown), which has an introduction by Admiral Moffett and goes from the Phœnicians to the Vandals, with Rome, Greece, and Carthage; this, too, is well illustrated.

W. P., Schenectady, N. Y., wishes to introduce her four-year-old son to history and develop the same keen interest that he has shown spontaneously in geography; since he was three, maps have been his hobby. Van Loon doesn't appeal.

THERE have been several attempts to apply the principle of teaching history as a whole, so to speak, and to begin the study of civilization by presenting it as a continuous procession, to children younger than those for whom "The Story of Mankind" is intended. I am informed by parents who have tried on their own family circles the vivacious "Child's History of the World," by V. M. Hillyer, principal of the Calvert School of Baltimore (Century), that while as the descriptions say, it may be given to children as young as nine to read for themselves, it will be taken gladly by children much younger if read aloud to them or used as the basis of conversations or stories. It dances along the track of human life, throwing off a picture now and again, and keeping the child free from the notion, which he could easily absorb under present conditions, that creation began in 1492 and did not really get going until 1776.

J. E. P., Boston, sends me a local bookstore's statement that its efforts to procure Andrew Loring's "Rhymer's Lexicon" (recommended in "A Reader's Guide Book") have been unsuccessful, and asks "Ought this to be so?"

OF course not; it is plainly set down in the catalogue of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. This house seems to have a corner in afflatus, for they have lately brought out a new edition of "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," possibly as a result of the Byron celebration, for he used it. I can well believe that he used it on "Don Juan." Besides, they have a tiny rhyming dictionary in the Miniature Reference Library, a series of books that go into the palm of your hand and include works as unusual as the "Dictionary of Philosophical Terms."

N. J. G., Holland Mich., asks for a readable history (in English) of Dutch literature, books that treat, in easy, readable style, of the history, customs, and art of present-day Holland, and translations of Dutch literary classics.

THE book on present-day Holland is easy to find: "Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina," by A. J. Barnouw (Scribner), treats the subject with authority, breadth, and in a manner that would interest anyone; there is also one volume of a series on the countries and people of the world imported by Scribner, "Holland of the Dutch," by D. C. Boulger. But the history of Dutch literature is another matter, and I wrote to Dr. Barnouw, who is Queen Wilhelmina Professor at Columbia, only to have my conviction confirmed that there was no such history in the English language. Nor is there, so far as I can discover, a published list of translations from the Dutch; they are so few in number that it would be scarce worth while to compile one. The following information from Dr. Barnouw will, however, take its place for practical purposes. I am glad enough to get it for my own use:

"Max Havalaar," by Multatuli, was translated into English by Baron Alphonse Nahuys in 1868 (Edinburgh: Edmonton and Douglas). There also exists a translation of "Amazon," by C. Vosmaer, which you will probably find in the catalogue of the Public Library. Isreal Querido, one of our living novelists, wrote a story called "Levensgang," in Dutch, which I remember having seen in an English edition, and last year "A House Full of People," by C. and M. Scharten-Antink, was published by Small, Maynard, Boston, and "Pallieter," by Felix Timmermans, by Harper.

Of Herman Heijermans' play "Op Hoop van Zegen" an English translation was published in the *Quarterly Review* in 1912 under the title of "The Good Hope," and of his "Ghetto" an English version was published by William Heinemann (London) in 1899. You doubtless know "Letters of a Javanese Princess," by Kartini, translated from the original Dutch by A. L. Symmers (Knopf). And that is about all.

The greatest of our older classics, the tragedy of "Lucifer," by Vondel, may be read in English in Mr. L. Ch. van Noppen's blank verse rendering (Greensboro, N. C., Charles L. van Noppen, 2d edition, 1917) and Henry Morgan Ayres has contributed English versions of two mediæval Dutch dramas "Esmoreit" and "Mary of Nimmegen") to the Dutch Library, a new series of translations from the Dutch published by N.

(*Continued on next page*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

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☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

One of the Newspapers referred to him the next morning as "a shy, bald little Irishman," He chuckled over the second adjective. "And why shouldn't I be bald?" he demanded stoutly. "I have been writing books for years, and I have gone bald writing them!"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

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Points of View

Reviewing Reviewed

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Like many others, doubtless, I have read with mixed emotions the article entitled "American Sagas" in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review*, in which Zane Grey is relegated to his proper niche, in the cellar of the Temple of Fiction. This article accentuates the query which is becoming more and more acute and insistent as to the proper function of present-day book reviewing, the wisdom of the methods employed, and the actual value of literary criticism of this sort.

Let me offer from the article in question a single illustration of the careless and superficial exercise of censorial authority which reviewers are so prone to display.

In support of his allegation that Grey is lacking in knowledge of human nature, the writer declares that "nothing is more curious than his view of sex. In 'Riders of the Purple Sage' a young man and a girl live alone together for weeks in a secret canyon; in 'The Lone Star Ranger,' the hero rescues an innocent girl from bandits and roams about Texas with her for a long time—as harmlessly as in 'The Færie Queene' Una and the Red Cross Knight go traveling together. Nothing shows more clearly how far away is his world from actuality; his Texas is not in the Union but in Fairyland."

In one of these cases the hero had killed a brute in defense of a young girl, and himself grievously wounded, to escape the vengeance of a band of cut-throats and save the girl sought safety in flight. They did not "roam all over Texas" (apparently in his enthusiasm the reviewer drew somewhat on his imagination and did not consult his geography). Actually they were alone fifteen days; during nine of which the hero lay in a hut at the point of death, delirious for the most part, and during another three days was convalescent at the home and under the ministrations of a rancher and his wife. For just three days they traveled towards a settlement—riding by night and resting and sleeping by day.

In the "Riders of the Purple Sage," after unwittingly shooting a young girl, for days thereafter Venters devotes his sleeping and waking hours towards saving her life; and to safe-guard her from a band of robbers and thieves is compelled to hide in a secluded valley. Impressed by the girl's innocence and purity, he falls in love with her and determines to make her his wife if fortunately able to escape, in which ultimately he is successful. The occurrence is only an episode of the main story—introduced to supply the motive for the exercise of a sublime self-sacrifice by the protagonist of the play.

Now let us suppose that the Buck Duane of the Texas story had been an ancestor of the reviewer (although, of course, such a supposition is preposterous); with what filial indignation would the reviewer execrate the suggestion that his forebear was incapable of the character and manhood displayed by the unfortunate girl's protector and naturally would have dishonored the innocent object of his solicitude! And in the other case let us suppose that to the reviewer himself had fallen the part of Venters in Surprise Valley; how enraged he would have been at the insinuation that the young girl could not possibly have passed the days of her convalescence and subsequent enforced concealment with him and retain her virtue!

Even if we must concede that 999,999 men out of a million (personally I do not accept this as the proper proportion) would have acted dishonorably under the circumstances mentioned, what is strange and curious as to views of sex and indicative of ignorance of human nature in Grey's refusal to select his hero from the near million and choose instead a man of whom the reviewer's father and the reviewer himself respectively might be taken as the antetype?

In the first and one of the most successful tales of adventure ever written the hero and heroine passed through the most amazing adventures in their wandering from Delphi to Ethiopia—from beginning to end the woman remaining an exemplar of female chastity, her escort of upright manly virtue. And in comparison with the debauchery and evil ways of life in Egypt and along the Upper Nile in the second century, when Heliodorus wrote his "Ethiopian Romance," the immorality and lawlessness of the Texas and Utah of Zane Grey's period were as twilight is to blackest night. Heliodorus was not a psychologist, nor was he a stylist—as is alleged about Zane Grey by our reviewer. But his work endures as a masterpiece in fascinating story-telling and only recently it has been republished as one of the widely read "Broadway Translations."

Generally speaking, book reviews may be grouped in three clases. In the first class are those which embody conclusions that the subject under review is absolutely wanting in merits of any sort, its writing, publication, reading, or other recognition a waste of time and money—excepting, of course, the compensation of the reviewer. The second class is made up of those occasional instances—in number so very, very few—when the fortunate writer has fully measured up to the understanding and lofty ideals of the reviewer, and consequently has won a place among the immortals. The third class, including perhaps ninety per cent of the annual harvest which falls within the purview of the craft, comprises those literary ventures in which the lack of style, the false ideals, the ignorance of human nature, the general aimlessness, and myriad other faults of the author are pointed out with the assurance and certainty of a master—fianlly qualified by an admission, or at least implication—that to certain ones not so gifted as the reviewer the book may have a passing interest if not actually appreciable value.

More Zane Gray

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am (*Gott sei dank!*) no authority on the novels of Zane Grey, but I cannot agree with Professor T. K. Whipple's praise of them in "American Sagas," issue of February 7th. True, we are given a long list of Mr. Grey's faults: unreal characters, melodramatic plots, stilted dialogue, a *naïf* conception of sex, crude ethics, and lack of a valid philosophy of life. But, says Professor Whipple, we should ignore these deficiencies and praise the good qualities—narrative power, sincerity, and powerful imagination.

"Mr. Grey," we are told, "does not dodge big scenes in which plot and passion come to a head." That is exactly what he does. In "Riders of the Purple Sage," admittedly his best work, there are more than fourteen instances where scenes of varying importance are related after the event. The characters are continually saying, "Let's talk a while. . . . I'll tell you what I know. . . . Tell me about yourself. . . . Tell me what happened. . . . Wal, now, jest let me talk. . . . You see it was this way. . . ." That's not narrative power; that's easy writing. There are twelve bits of gun-play in the book, and of these only four are dramatically presented. There are four potentially big scenes of cattle-rustling, of which only one is dramatically presented. Of three important meetings of heroes and villains, only one is presented dramatically; and all three end ludicrously with a cowing of the villains by the heroes without the firing of single shot. "Then he finished, an' by this time he's almost lost his voice. But his whisper was enough. . . ." Mr. Grey dodges his big scenes two-thirds of the time and usually falls down badly when he can't dodge.

The second quality, sincerity, is meaningless as a standard of literary criticism. What if Mr. Grey is "genuine and true to himself"? So are thousands of poetasters and execrable minor prosists. I myself play the piano with sincerity, but that fact does not pacify my neighbors.

Of Mr. Grey's third good quality, a powerful imagination, I must confess ignorance. I cannot recall ever hearing anyone cite a single example of his "heroic myths." I refuse to admit that he is epic merely because he is crude and simple. He ranks not beside Homer, but rather with the other writers of clean, unsexed, adventurous stories for boys, with such authors as G. A. Henty, Frank Merriwell's creator, Stevenson, and Conrad.

Like Howells and Miss Cather, Zane Grey lacks the power of dramatic presentation, but he also lacks their style. Like Dreiser he falls into *clichés*, but he lacks Dreiser's extensive pity. He is fond of brute force, but he lacks the intensity of London and Frank Norris. He handicaps himself with the critics (though not with the public) by emphasizing the element that normally interests them least—descriptions of nature. He seems notable only as an inspiring example of what may be done with sincerity and meager talents.

Professor Whipple says, "The negro spirituals have arrived; why not the ballads of cowboys, lumberjacks, and Kentucky mountaineers?" Surely he is not ignorant of the arrival of these very heroes, Davy Crockett, Paul Bunyon, Tony Beaver, and a company of others. He must certainly know of the collections of Dr. Louise Pound, of John Lomax among the cowboys, of J. C. Harris's Cherokee tales of B'rer Rabbit, of Frank Cushing's Zuni folk tales, of C. C. Jones among Georgia Negroes, of Mrs. Christensen in South Carolina, of Mrs. O. D. Campbell in the Southern mountains, of Mrs. E. F. Waterman in Nebraska, of Professor P. S. Lovejoy's Bunyon tales in Michigan, of Miss Loraine Wyman, Miss Josephine McGill, and Percy MacKaye in the Kentucky mountains, and of numerous papers in bulletins of ethnological societies, museums, and the U. S. Government. Here are real heroes and epic qualities and memorable myths—American sagas indeed!

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

A Word for Nashville

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The ignorance of the Englishman with regard to things American is as proverbial, I suppose, as the sensitivenes of a Southerner in the face of criticism. I am willing to incur the latter reproach if by so doing I may suggest that Mr. Robert Graves in his review of Mr. Ransom's "Chills and Fever" has done a grave injustice to Nashville when he says that it is "a byword in the States for comic provincialism," and adds: "As here in England one need only say 'Wigan' and the gallery of any variety theatre will rock with sophisticated mirth." Mr. Ransom, I feel sure, joins me in protesting against so palpable an error, even though it was meant to enhance the significance of his noteworthy and arresting volume.

Nashville has its full share of Babbitts and some of the characteristics of Zenith City or "Wigan"; it has a Broadway that might well be called Main Street. But I dare say that for its size it may well compare favorably in its nationalism and its culture with other cities in these States. Its educational institutions—Vanderbilt University, Peabody College for Teachers, Ward Belmont College for the whites, and Fisk and Meharry for the negroes—draw students from all parts of the country by reason of large endowments and resources. It may be a surprise to even the intelligent readers of the *Saturday Review* to know that these institutions at this present moment are spending several milion dollars in the furtherance of educational plans, and that they have as high standards of admission and graduation as similar institutions elsewhere.

But it may be justly retorted that education does not always lead to genuine culture. Well, it so happens that the department of English in Vanderbilt University has on its staff four men who are doing literary work of a rather high order. May I ask how many English departments in the country have produced within one year such noteworthy volumes as "Chills and Fever" so favorably reviewed by Mr. Graves and Donald Davidson's "An Outland Piper?" These two poets and some half dozen others at the University have done valiant service in maintaining for several years *The Fugitive*, generally recognized, I believe, as one of the most significant poetry magazines of the country; and—*mirable dictu!*—most of its financial support has come from business men in Nashville, who though they cannot always understand the poems that are published have been willing to give substantial support to so worthy an enterprise. Some of us discovered "Poems about God" before Mr. Graves—or even Mr. Morley. These poets have not been Ishmaels nor Bohemians in their own community, but have been recognized by the educational institutions and literary clubs of the city. Under the leadership of Mr. Davidson they have conducted a literary page in the Nashville *Tennessean* that is highly creditable.

The Centennial Club has brought to Nashville during the past few years some of Mr. Graves's own countrymen—Masefield, Noyes, Robert Nichols, Chesterton, Hugh Walpole, Swinnerton—and many of the most prominent American writers. Their coming was not simply the conventional lyceum or chautauqua performance, but afforded the opportunity for bringing together in a social way a large number of cultivated people of whom this city has more than its quota. A unique feature of Nashville's cultural life is the large number of men's clubs—town and gown clubs—that discuss questions of real import.

And, not to make this letter too long, I mention as indicative of the real culture of Nashville: we are just finishing an exact reproduction of the Parthenon under the supervision of Zolnay and two of the most accomplished sculptors in the country; we have a symphony orchestra of seventy pieces that gives concerts of the highest order; and the Fisk Singers—not only the quartette that has just returned from a visit to England (I hope for the sake of his æsthetic soul that Mr. Graves heard them), but several hundred of the student body—are nowhere more appreciated than in their own city.

Altogether we are making progress in literature, music, and art. We have two first-rate bookstores where one can find the very latest utterances of the most advanced *intelligentsia*. One of the owners told me the other day that he sells every month fifty copies of the *American Mercury* (I wonder if Mr. Mencken knows that this is happening in the "Sahara of the Bozart"). Yes, and I almost forgot that many of us read and talk about the *Saturday Review*, enjoying the favorable comments on our poets and novelists, reveling in evidences of its cosmopolitan culture, and hoping that we may grow out of our comic provincialis, under the tutelage of such poets as Mr. Graves, and such critics as Mr. Mencken.

I think I may claim for the people of Nashville that we are the citizens of no mean city. An English poet, Mr. Robert Nichols, exclaimed at the end of a visit in the suburban section of the city in the Spring time: "You have here a combination of rural England and Greece!" I saw the other afternoon a sky line of towers and spires that made me think—forgive the blasphemy, Mr. Graves—of Arnold's lines on the sweet city with her dreaming spires; but these towers were whispering, not the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, but the latest enchantments of the modern world.

EDWIN MIMS.

Nashville, Tenn.

The Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Nijhoff, The Hague. The first volume of this library is a version of "Lancelot of Denmark," translated by Dr. P. Geyl of University College, London. They are faithful renderings of the originals, and very remarkable specimens of early European drama, "Lancelot" and "Esmoreit" being the work of a fourteenth century poet.

The Englishman John Bowring published in 1824 a little volume of 242 pages under the title "Batavian Anthology: or, Specimens of the Dutch Poets," which contains in the notes prefaced to each selection some information about seventeenth century literature. The same field is covered by my book on "Vondel, the Poet," which will soon appear in the "Great Hollanders" series published by Scribner.

Dr. Barnouw's forthcoming work is a study of the great tragic dramatist, Joost van der Vondel, most illustrious of Dutch writers; preceding volumes in this series were "Erasmus the Humanist," by Professor Huizinga of the University of Leyden, and "William the Silent," by Frederic Harrison. Another promised book from Scribner will be of interest to this correspondent, though indirectly: "Zelide," the heroine of the biography with that title by Geoffrey Scott, was Madame de Charriere, the lady whom Boswell wanted to marry and a member of the Dutch nobility.

"The Fortunes of a Household," by Herman Robbers (Knopf), is a recent translation from the Dutch that I named in my question, so it was not included in the reply; it is a study of the gentle decline of a middle-class wealthy merchant's family, and the beauty and interest of the work lies in its rare comprehension of the quality of family affection. But, of course, the Dutch writer of the present day best known in America is Louis Couperus, all or almost all of whose novels are published in English by Dodd, Mead, and whose popularity, slow-growing, but now arrived at considerable proportions, is a credit to the American reading public. It would be hard to find more subtle beauty than in the four volumes of the "Book of the Small Souls" and the story of the morbid and fascinating folk who make its family life so enthralling, nor has terror often reached a higher pitch in recent literature than in certain chapters of "Old People and Things That Pass."

The Bibliographical Society of America is planning the publication of monographs on definite subjects similar to the series which the Bibliographical Society of London has been issuing for some years. Among the forthcoming publications is "The Colonial Printing Office," by L. C. Wroth, whose "History of Printing in Colonial Maryland," has taken its place with the most valuable American bibliographical records.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

HALLIFORD EDITION OF PEACOCK

GABRIEL WELLS of this city is publishing a new edition of the "Works" of Thomas Love Peacock in ten volumes. Four volumes have already appeared. These include Vol. II, "Melincourt," printed from the first edition of 1817; Vol. III, "Nightmare Abbey" and "Maid Marian," from the Bentley edition of 1837; Vol. IV, "The Misfortune of Elphin," from the first edition of 1829, and "Crochet Castle" from the Bentley edition of 1837; and Vol. V, "Gryll Grange," from the first edition of 1861. Facsimiles of all of the title pages of these volumes, together with textual changes and bibliographical notes accompany each novel. Vol. I will contain a biographical and critical introduction and "Headlong Hall"; Vol. VI and VII, "Poems"; Vol. VIII, "Plays"; and Vol. IX and X, "Miscellaneous Prose." This edition contains much prose and verse never published in book form before, together with important material printed here for the first time. This will be called the Halliford edition and the format will be a tall post octavo, printed in large type, on good paper, bound in red cloth, limited to 675 sets for England and America, and the type distributed. The only collected edition of the works of Peacock hitherto issued was in three volumes, edited by Sir Henry Cole and published by Bentley in 1871. This edition is textually imperfect and incomplete. Peacock made considerable revision of his books in his last years and such variants Sir Henry Cole made no attempt to indicate. The scholarly editing will make this the standard edition of Peacock's writing for a long time.

EARLY AMERICAN AUTOGRAPHS

IN the February number of his "Autograph Bulletin," Thomas F. Madigan says:

"To the collector of Americana in autographs no group of names should hold a stronger appeal than the generals of the Continental Army, those staunch patriots, who so often faced death on the battlefield and endured such hardships, privation, and disease in camps. It was their efforts, their daring, frequently their blood that made the Declaration of Independence something more than a mere scrap of paper. There is no reason why their autographs should not be eagerly sought as those of the Signers of the American Magna Charta. Yet it is true that this great galaxy of heroes has not been collected to any large extent as a set. True, some of the names are sought, such as Nathaniel Greene, Israel Putnam, Anthony Wayne, and Lafayette, but there is not the wide demand for the entire group that prevails in the case of the Signers. In that very fact is the collector's opportunity, for, with few exceptions, the autographs of the generals of the Revolutionary War are at present quite plentiful and all, even the rarer names, may be had at a moderate price —until such time as the tide of collecting sets in their direction, when there will be the resultant advance in prices, as with the Presidents and Signers."

A DICKENS MEMORIAL

IN connection with the world-wide campaign for subscriptions which has been launched by the Dickens Fellowship, with the object of establishing a suitable memorial in London to Charles Dickens, it would seem peculiarly appropriate if the building at 48 Doughty Street, which has been suggested as a home for this "Dickens House," can be utilized as planned. For it was here that Dickens lived after his marriage, and it was here that he wrote "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist." This building has remained practically unaltered since the novelist occupied it. The money to be collected is to be known as the Charles Dickens House Fund, and it is proposed that the memorial shall take the form of a museum, library, and picture gallery in memory of Dickens and open to all who care for the great author regardless of what part of the world they may come.

DIRECTORY OF COLLECTORS

TWELVE years ago *The Publishers' Weekly* published a list of private collectors in the United States, giving information in regard to the lines or hobbies in which each was interested. The directory, from the first, proved a great help to collectors in securing books that they wanted and to dealers in finding buyers for books that they wished to sell. Since then, at intervals of three years a revision of the list has been published. The data is arranged not only in geographical order, as was the first, but by name in alphabetical order with the classes of books in which they are interested, also under an index of subjects showing what collectors are interested in them. This information is invaluable to the rare book trade and collectors can see at a glance who are collecting on lines similar to their own. The trade has used this list in America and England to supplement catalogue lists, thus bringing to collectors lists and catalogues without expense or effort on their part. A fifth edition of this directory is to be published this fall. Any reader of this department, wishing to take advantage of this opportunity, is invited to send *The Publishers' Weekly*, 62 West 45th Street, New York, his full name, address, and class of books in which he is collecting to be included in this new edition.

SALE OF BRITISH COURT BOOKS

TWO parts of the famous library formerly at Britwell Court, the property of S. R. Christie-Miller, will soon be dispersed at Sotheby's in London. On March 23 to 26, inclusive, early English poetry and other literature will be sold. This part comprises 682 lots. On March 30 to April 3, inclusive, 797 lots, mainly early English works on the arts and sciences, will be sold. Both of these parts contain many unique and extremely rare items. The catalogues for these parts have been issued and will be sent to collectors who are interested. When the sale of this great library is completed it will doubtless have won the distinction of being the most valuable library ever dispersed at public sale. This record has been held for more than a decade by the library of Robert Hoe, sold in this city in 1911-12, which brought about $2,000,000. The great increase in the value of rare books since the Hoe sale will probably enable the Britwell Court library to exceed this figure.

* *

The original manuscript of a wedding song composed by Beethoven on the occasion of the marriage of Giannatanasio del Rie, principal of the school attended by Beethoven's nephew, Carl, was recently discovered.

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"Those are grapes," she said. . .

They were caught in an elevator between two floors, at a dance. He told her he had pushed *all* the buttons—*so there was nothing to do* but wait for the electrician.

"This is a very comfy lift," she said, after a pause.

"The decorations are very curious," he said.

"Have you ever seen a lift with a roof like that before?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"It is covered with some sort of berry."

"So it is," she said, reflecting, "Grapes."

"It looks to me," he said, "like mistletoe."

"Those berries are grapes," she said, firmly, looking at him.

It was all very absurd, and a little sentimental like the time in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's when one of their party undoubtedly whispered "I LOVE YOU" and someone undoubtedly whispered back the same words. As absurd, in fact, as the difference with his wife that started him on his "bachelor moon" (a vacation he and Angela took from one another when a difference reached that certain point).

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The Old Flame

by A. P. Herbert

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The Phoenix Nest

OUR daily mail is the most important part of our life. The other day we fell asleep over it and experienced a nightmare about it in which we were visited by a symbolic poem about the Eighth Voyage of Sinbad the Sailor. The poem is our "Kubla Khan." We wrote it down on awaking. It illustrates what may have happened to the mail, sometimes, in the good old days. We have no other excuse!

So the Captain, in his caftan
All of crinkled blue and gold,
Came puffing up the poop
With his scimetar aswing.
He stood and glared at Sindbad.
"In Number Seven Hold
Of this 'Pride o' Persia' sloop
There's a very curious thing!
There's a nibbling and a crunching
And a sucking sort of munching.
The timbers are aquiver
And the ship won't sail!
For Something's got the keel
In a grip of triple steel.
And it's clinging to the bottom.
Allah's beard, we'll have to bail—
For it's snoring and a-cloring
And all etiquette ignoring!
We'll never get to Africa to land the monthly mail!"

"Well, it's not my pet!"
Answered Sindbad. "*I* should fret!"
"You know what's a Remora,
So you needn't to pretend!
As I said good-bye to Zora
On the gangplank at Balsora
I remembered the Remora,
Better known as "Sailor's Friend."
Abou Hassan told me of it:
How it ruined his cargo's profit;
And I've heard the public scoff it,
Which is proof that it is True.
But—I'll bribe it off with parsley
And a word or two spoke hars'ly,
If you'll hold this wheel a moment.
I'd do anything for you!"

So Sindbad slid into
The deep black hold.
Oo—oo—oo!
It was hollow, smelly, slimy,
Horrible and dark and grimy.
BOO!
Aft he crawled, for to implore a
Change of heart from the Remora,
With a little sprig of parsley
He had salvaged from a stew.

(It would highly interest me, under similar conditions, to be told what you would do!)

He heard the timbers crack
In the deep pitch-black,
And the suction-pumping sound
Of that most affectionate creature;
And vaguely through the dusk
Whiffed its smell of ocean-musk
That will marvelously titillate
One's most obtrusive feature.
A jet of feathery sawdust
Spurted up beneath his feet.
An eye stared through the hole
Till he wished him in his bunk;
For the timbers shuddered round him,
And that eye looked through and found him
And held him like a searchlight—
And its eyelid *wunk!*

So the parsley fell forgotten.
Angry speech seemed idle breath.
He stood rooted to the spot in
Perturbation cold as death. . . .

Yet he stuttered, "S-sir, in every khan
From Hamadan to Ispahan
Our sailors sing your praises
In the phrases of the sea.
Right raptly they admire
How you sunk the fleets of Tyre
And joked with Syrian merchantmen
Who foundered frenziedly!
So, by all the bulbul's feathers,
By the best and worst of weathers,
The many mosques of Musselmen,
And all the Caliph's wives,
May my protestations reach you!
In affection I beseech you
To spare this mail from Persia,
And your staunch admirers' lives!

"There's a girl in Shiraz writing
To a lovely Memphian man;
There's an ode, of the inditing
Of a scribe in Ispahan;
There is gossip such as Hebes
Of Teheran send to Thebes
For friends to tell "in confidence"—
And laugh behind a fan;
State affairs are here, and orders
From portentious financiers
Which involve the million zecchins,
And the myriad hopes and fears
Of the war-lord, slave, or merchant!
Birth and Death cry loud and urgent
From a thousand fluttering pages,
Till the clamor fills my ears.
Here's philosophy, and humor,—
Prayers or curses most uncouth,—
The discoveries of science,
Saws of Age and songs of Youth,—
On parchment and papyrus,
Bricks, and cylinders of Cyrus,—
Oh, a thousand flashing facets
Of the diamond, Perfect Truth!

"Hark, how every crocodile
In the sacred River Nile
Each cat- and dog- and ram-head god
And all the priests worth while,—
Every dove and marabou,—
Send their fervent prayers to you
Politely to release us.
It's the least that you can do!
All industry atopple is
In Crocodilopolis.
(I wish that you could see them
In that elegant metropolis!)
They tear their hair and flounder
With the fear that we may founder,
The fear our ship may founder
In the surging sea. . . .
Though such protestations bore you,
I beseech you—I implore you
To spare the mail for Egypt!
Won't you do it? Just for me?"

Once—twice—thrice the green eye wunk.
As a tight cork pops from a flask of Arab wine,
Without another sign
The Remora loosed its grip on the rocking, reeling ship,
And weeping
And snorting
And sobbingly cavorting,
Softly to the green deep it slunk and sunk.

And Sindbad reeled
And mopped his brow
And staggered to his bunk!

W. R. B.

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